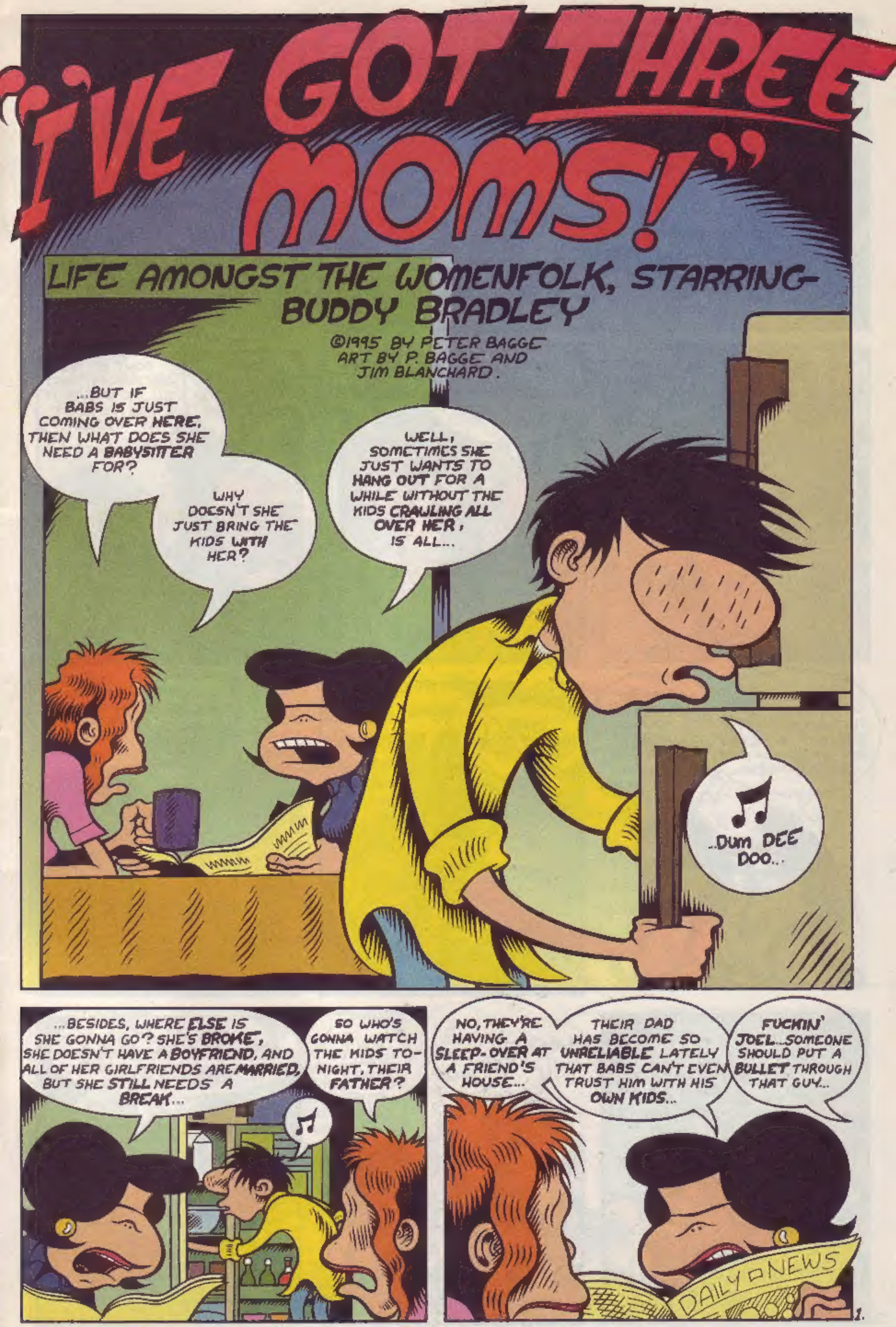
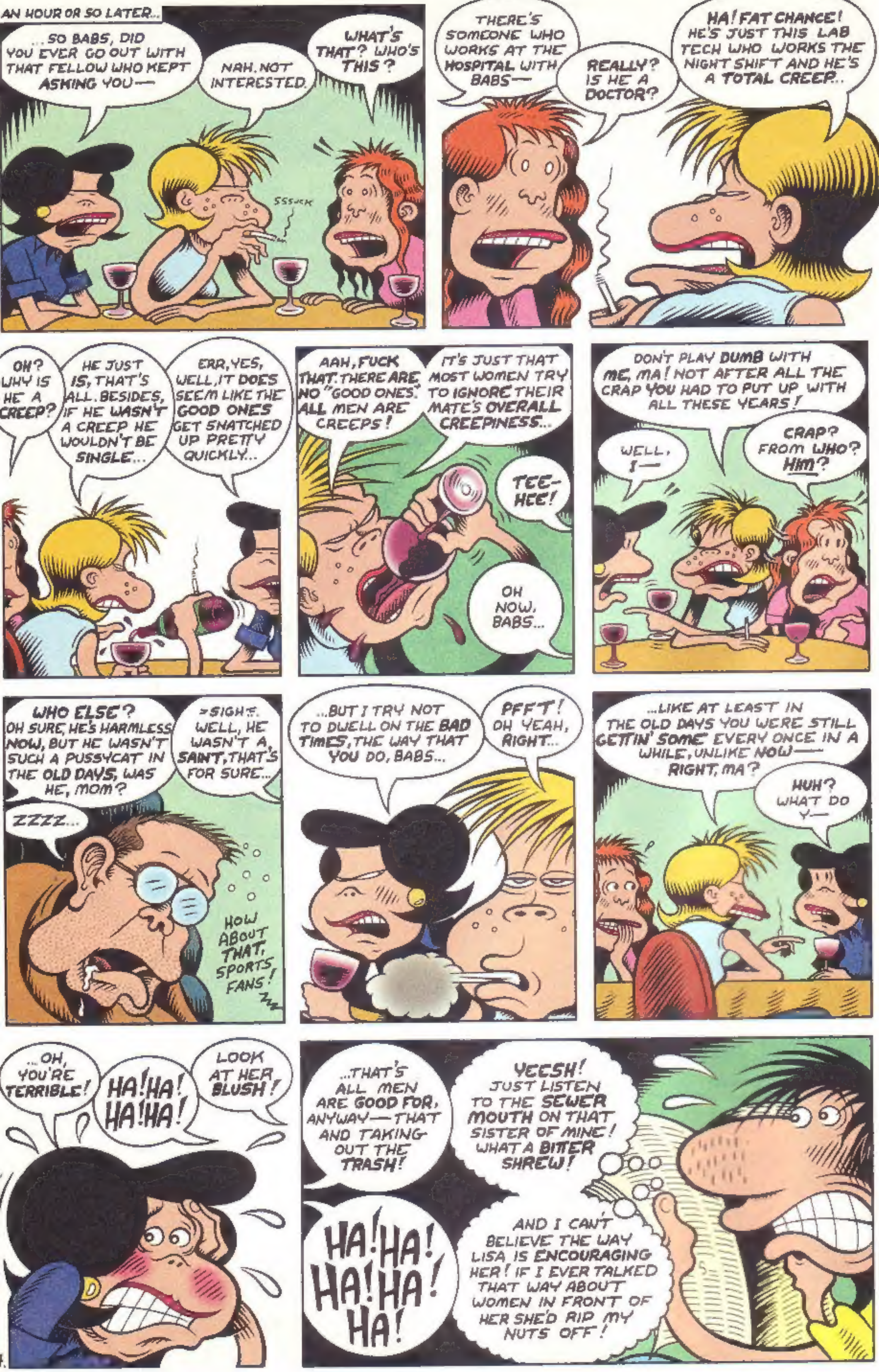
THE OFFICIAL VOICE OF "SELLOUT NATION"™!
P. BAGGE'S
#21
HATE!
FOR MATURE READERS
$3.95 IN CAN.
$2.95
IT'S A MAN'S WORLD! (RIGHT?)
COSMOPOLITAN
"HOW TO TURN YOUR MAN INTO A SLOBBERING, DEPENDENT DOG"
PANT! PANT!
P. BAGGE '95
FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS



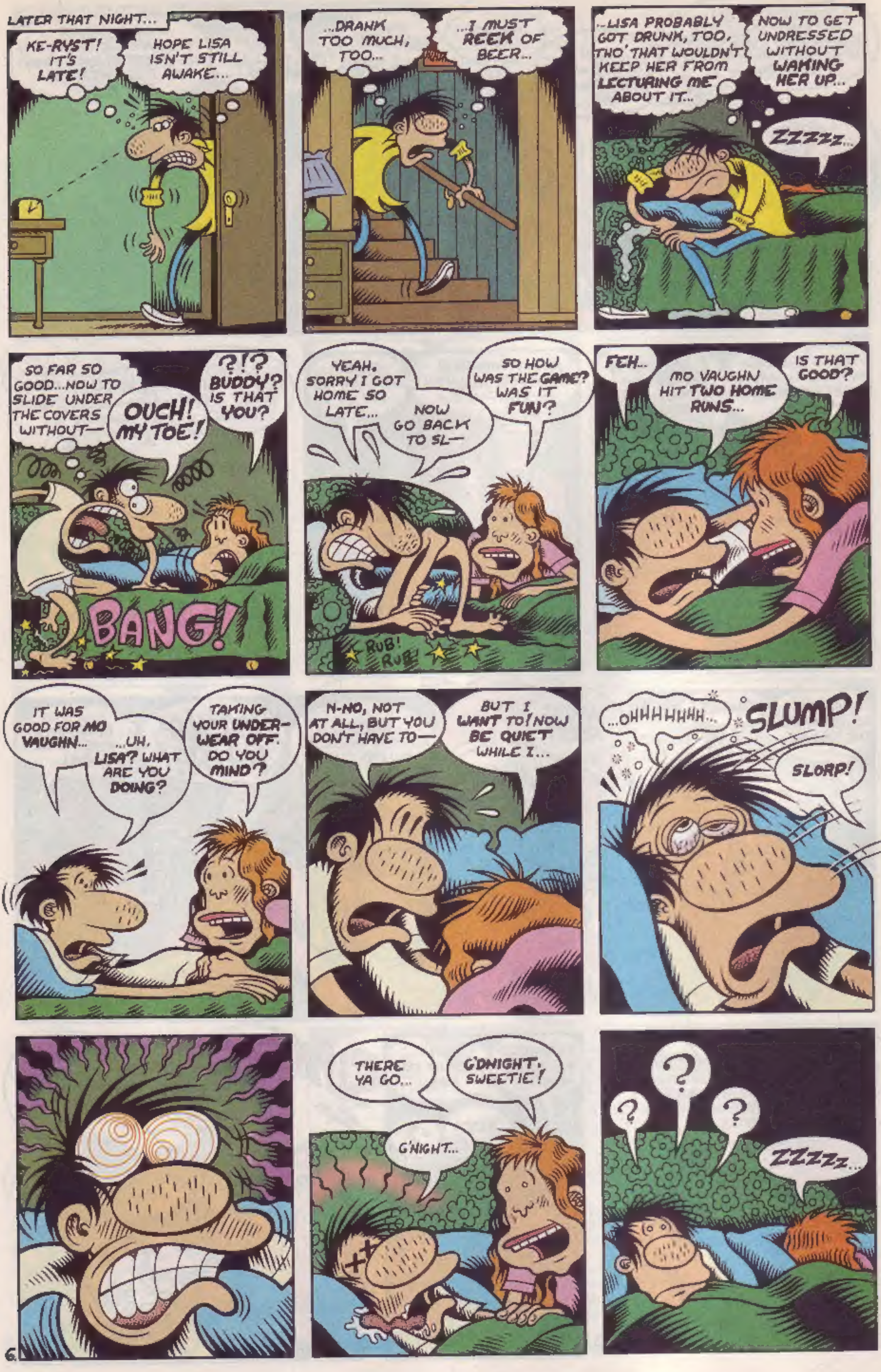
"I'VE GOT THREE MOMS!"
LIFE AMONGST THE WOMENFOLK, STARRING- BUDDY BRADLEY
©1995 BY PETER BAGGE
ART BY P. BAGGE AND JIM BLANCHARD.
...BUT IF BABS IS JUST COMING OVER HERE, THEN WHAT DOES SHE NEED A BABYSITTER FOR?
WHY DOESN'T SHE JUST BRING THE KIDS WITH HER?
WELL, SOMETIMES SHE JUST WANTS TO HANG OUT FOR A WHILE WITHOUT THE KIDS CRAWLING ALL OVER HER, IS ALL...
..DUM DEE DOO..
...BESIDES, WHERE ELSE IS SHE GONNA GO? SHE'S BROKE, SHE DOESN'T HAVE A BOYFRIEND, AND ALL OF HER GIRLFRIENDS ARE MARRIED, BUT SHE STILL NEEDS A BREAK...
SO WHO'S GONNA WATCH THE KIDS TO-NIGHT, THEIR FATHER?
NO, THEY'RE HAVING A SLEEP-OVER AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE...
THEIR DAD HAS BECOME SO UNRELIABLE LATELY THAT BABS CAN'T EVEN TRUST HIM WITH HIS OWN KIDS...
FUCKIN' JOEL...SOMEONE SHOULD PUT A BULLET THROUGH THAT GUY...
DAILY NEWS

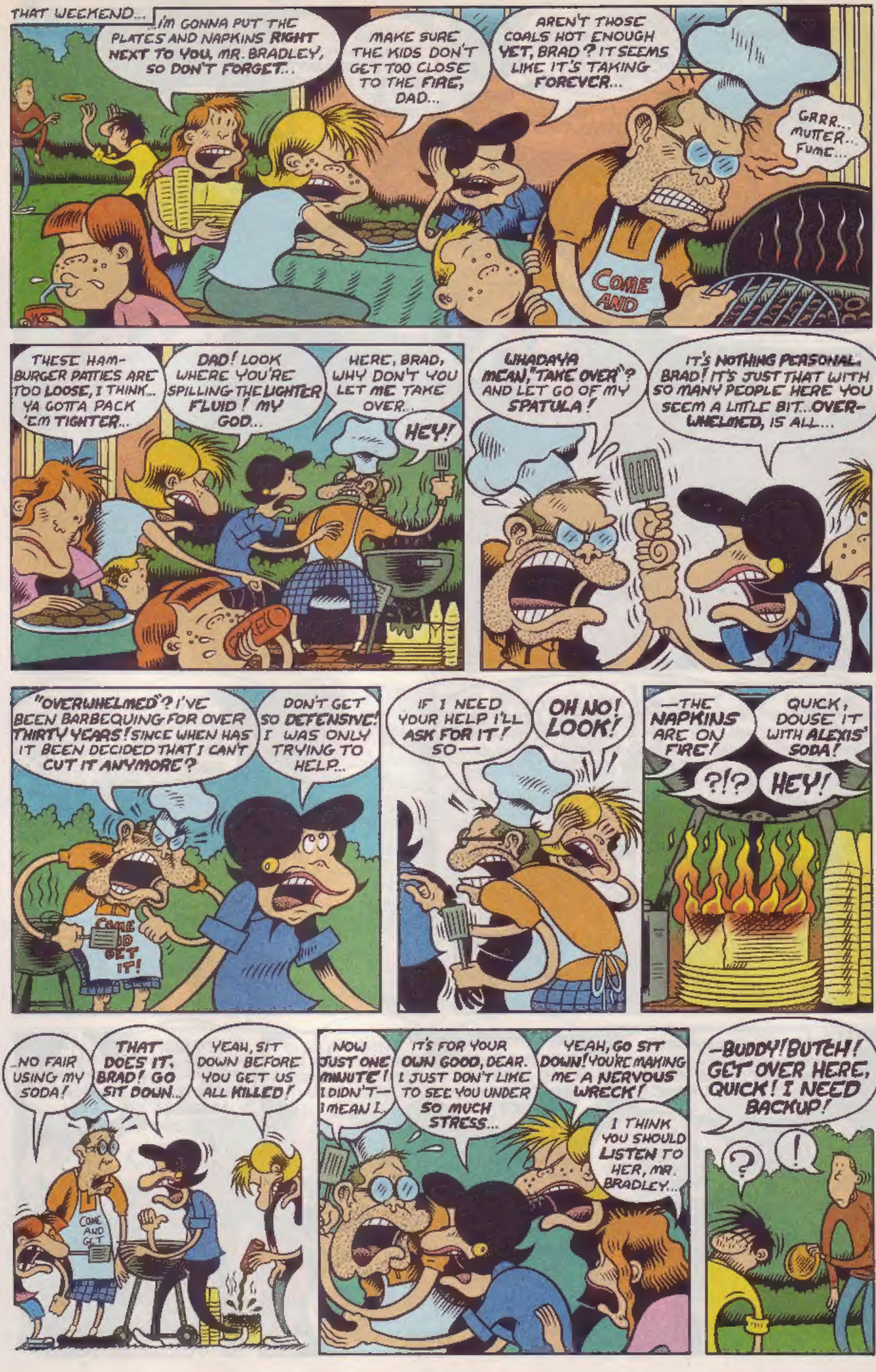
NOW BUDDY, I DON'T WANT TO HEAR THAT KIND OF TALK—
AND WHY ARE YOU STANDING THERE WITH THE REFRIGERATOR DOOR OPEN? YOU WANT EVERYTHING TO GO BAD?
I'M TRYING TO DECIDE WHAT I WANT FOR LUNCH! ANYTHING WRONG WITH THAT?
MILK
WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU ASK ONE OF US TO MAKE YOU LUNCH? WE WOULD'VE GLADLY MADE YOU SOMETHING...
YEAH!
HEY, I'M PERFECTLY CAPABLE OF MAKING MY OWN LUNCH!
IT'S NOT EXACTLY BRAIN SURGERY...
SUIT YOURSELF. BUT IT DRIVES ME NUTS THE WAY YOU TAKE FOREVER IN THERE... ...AND YOU ALWAYS LEAVE SUCH A MESS...
I'LL CLEAN UP WHEN I'M DONE, OKAY? DON'T RUSH ME...
SHEESH!
DAILY
THERE'S STILL SOME LEFTOVER HOMEMADE CHICKEN SOUP IN THERE, BUDDY...
THERE IS? WHERE?
BREAD
NEVER MIND. JUST HAVE A SEAT AND I'LL MAKE IT FOR YOU...
DON'T DO ME ANY FAVORS! JUST TELL ME WHERE IT IS AND I'LL HEAT IT UP MYSELF!
I'M NOT DOING YOU A FAVOR! I'D JUST RATHER YOU'D STAY OUT OF THE WAY AND NOT MESS UP YOUR MOM'S KITCHEN...
NOW GO SIT DOWN AND I'LL TELL YOU WHEN IT'S READY!
F'R CRYIN' OUT LOUD...
LATER...
OKAY, BUDDY! COME 'N' GET IT!
COMING!
FINALLY!
TIME
mmmm... SMELLS YUMMY...
SLURP! SLOBBER! SLORP!
=AHEM!=
...WELL?
HUH? WELL WHAT?
AREN'T YOU GOING TO SAY THANK YOU?!?
?!?

LATE THAT AFTERNOON...
..WHADAYA MEAN, YA AIN'T GOIN'?
I JUST DON'T FEEL LIKE GOING, THAT'S ALL...
BESIDES, I JUST REMEMBERED THAT I HATE THE YANKEES...
ZZZZZ...
SO WHAT? AT LEAST IT'S SOMETHING TO DO...
...(AND I'M TELLIN' YA, BUDDY, YOU DO NOT WANT TO BE AROUND ONCE BABS STARTS DRINKING... SHE CAN GET PRETTY OBNOXIOUS)...
(I WON'T BE HANGING OUT WITH BABS. I JUST WANT TO SIT HERE AND READ THE PAPER, IS ALL)...
=SIGH=. SUIT YER-SELF...
I'LL BE AT JOEY'S IN CASE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND...
HAVE FUN...
?
WHAT'S GOING ON? I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO THE GAME WITH BUTCH!
I CHANGED MY MIND.
WHY? I DON'T UNDER-STAND...
HAVE YOU EVER BEEN TO YANKEE STADIUM? IT'S AN INSANE ASYLUM, AND IT'S IN THE WORST NEIGHBORHOOD IN THE WORLD...
OKAY, WHATEVER. I JUST THOUGHT YOU'D ENJOY A "BOY'S NIGHT OUT" FOR A CHANGE, SINCE YOU HARDLY EVER GO ANYWHERE THESE DAYS...
YOU'RE ALWAYS JUST LOLLYGAGGING AROUND THE HOUSE...
OH YEAH, RIGHT, AS IF YOU MIND...
WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
JUST THAT ONCE I COME STAGGERING IN FROM A "BOY'S NIGHT OUT" YOU ALWAYS START IN WITH THE THIRD DEGREE...
"WHERE'D YOU GO?" "WHO WERE YOU WITH?" "WERE THERE ANY WOMEN THERE?" "HOW MANY BEERS DID YOU HAVE?"
I DO NOT!
...DO I?
'FRAID SO, DEAR...
...BUT HEY, I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE, SO IT'S A MOOT POINT, ISN'T IT?
...NO SENSE WORRYING ABOUT IT...

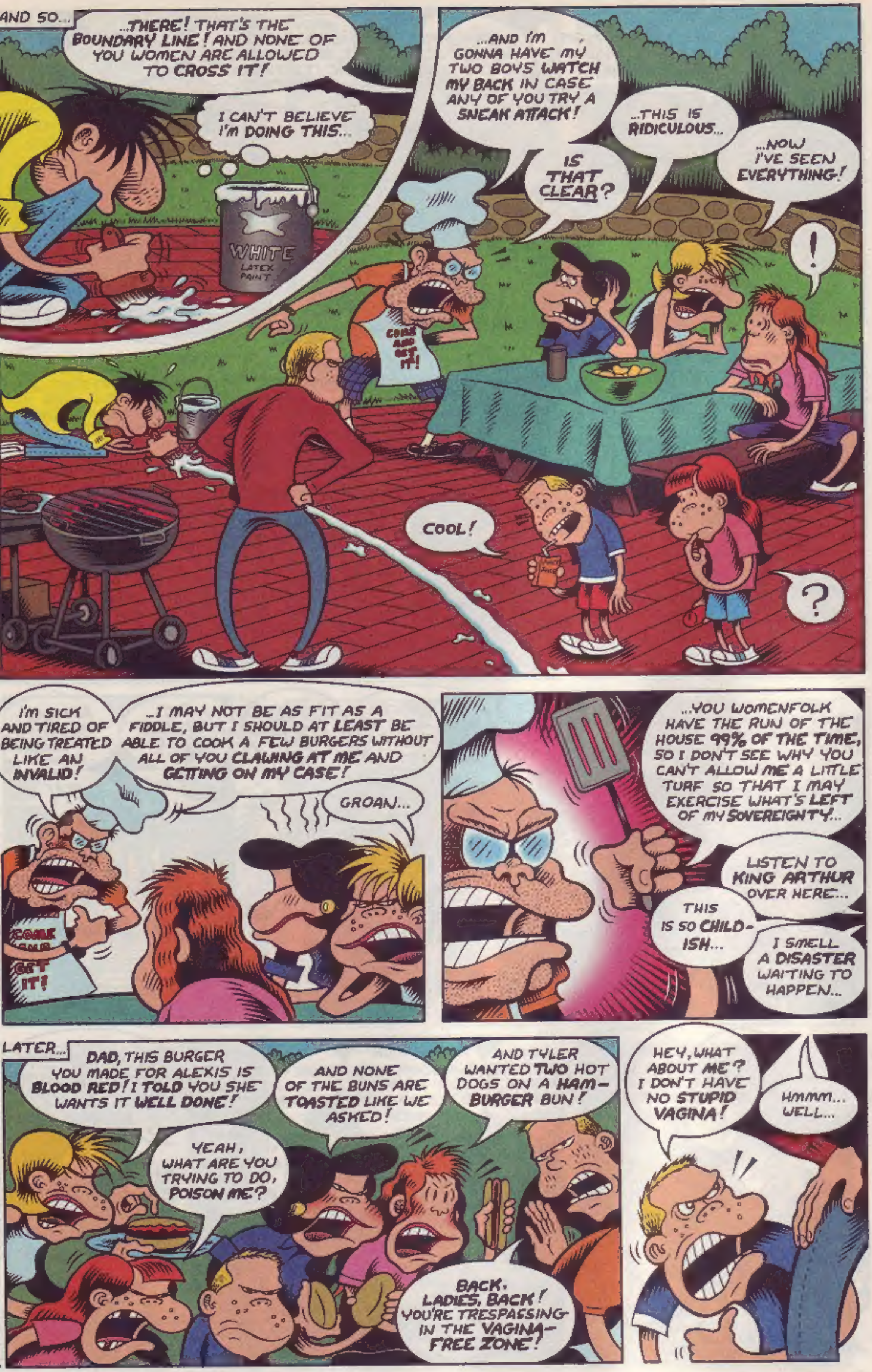

AN HOUR OR SO LATER...
...SO BABS, DID YOU EVER GO OUT WITH THAT FELLOW WHO KEPT ASKING YOU—
NAH, NOT INTERESTED.
SSSUCK
WHAT'S THAT? WHO'S THIS?
THERE'S SOMEONE WHO WORKS AT THE HOSPITAL WITH BABS—
REALLY? IS HE A DOCTOR?
HA! FAT CHANCE! HE'S JUST THIS LAB TECH WHO WORKS THE NIGHT SHIFT AND HE'S A TOTAL CREEP...
OH? WHY IS HE A CREEP?
HE JUST IS, THAT'S ALL. BESIDES, IF HE WASN'T A CREEP HE WOULDN'T BE SINGLE...
ERR, YES, WELL, IT DOES SEEM LIKE THE GOOD ONES GET SNATCHED UP PRETTY QUICKLY...
AAH, FUCK THAT. THERE ARE NO "GOOD ONES." ALL MEN ARE CREEPS!
IT'S JUST THAT MOST WOMEN TRY TO IGNORE THEIR MATE'S OVERALL CREEPINESS...
TEE-HEE!
OH NOW, BABS...
DON'T PLAY DUMB WITH ME, MA! NOT AFTER ALL THE CRAP YOU HAD TO PUT UP WITH ALL THESE YEARS!
WELL, I—
CRAP? FROM WHO? HIM?
WHO ELSE? OH SURE, HE'S HARMLESS NOW, BUT HE WASN'T SUCH A PUSSYCAT IN THE OLD DAYS, WAS HE, MOM?
SIGH. WELL, HE WASN'T A SAINT, THAT'S FOR SURE...
ZZZZ...
HOW ABOUT THAT, SPORTS FANS!
...BUT I TRY NOT TO DWELL ON THE BAD TIMES, THE WAY THAT YOU DO, BABS...
PFFT! OH YEAH, RIGHT...
...LIKE AT LEAST IN THE OLD DAYS YOU WERE STILL GETTIN' SOME EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, UNLIKE NOW— RIGHT, MA?
HUH? WHAT DO Y—
...OH, YOU'RE TERRIBLE!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
LOOK AT HER BLUSH!
...THAT'S ALL MEN ARE GOOD FOR, ANYWAY— THAT AND TAKING OUT THE TRASH!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
YEESH! JUST LISTEN TO THE SEWER MOUTH ON THAT SISTER OF MINE! WHAT A BITTER SHREW!
AND I CAN'T BELIEVE THE WAY LISA IS ENCOURAGING HER! IF I EVER TALKED THAT WAY ABOUT WOMEN IN FRONT OF HER SHE'D RIP MY NUTS OFF!

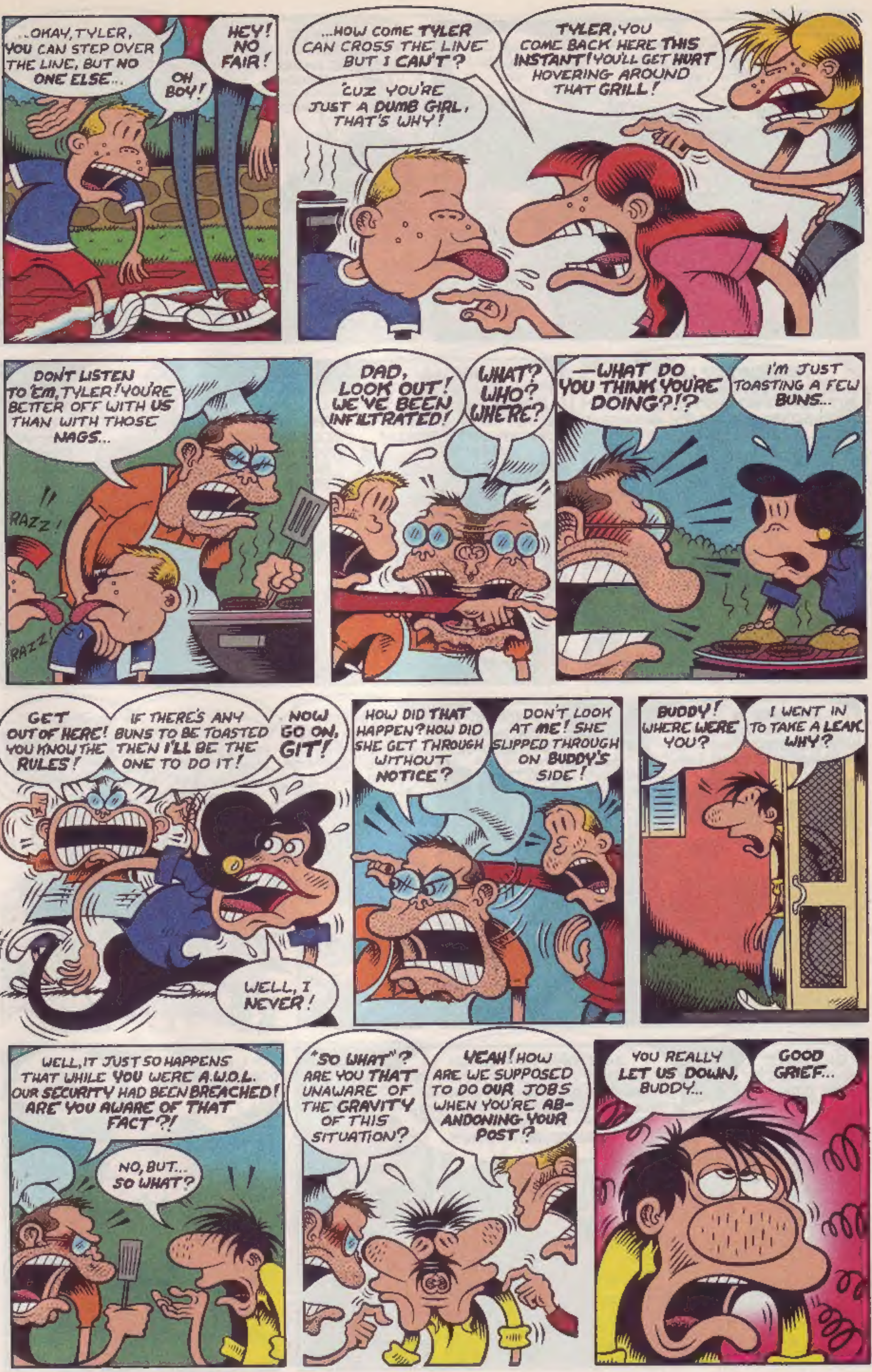
SAY, WHERE'S THAT GODDAMNED PIZZA MAN? HE SHOULDA BEEN HERE BY NOW...
I THINK I JUST HEARD A CAR PULL UP...
I'LL GO CHECK...
YUP, HE'S HERE...
IT'S ABOUT TIME, TOO. I'M STARVING!
WHICH ONE IS IT, LISA? THE ONE WITH THE SHORT BLONDE HAIR, OR THE GREASY FAT KID?
IT'S THE BLONDE, AND HE'S WEARING SHORTS THIS TIME, TOO!
WAHOO! QUICK, OPEN THE DOOR AND LET HIM IN!
HI. YOU ORDERED TWO MEDIUMS WITH PEPPERONI?
SURE DID! COME ON IN!
JUST PLOP 'EM DOWN RIGHT HERE, KIDDO...
THAT'LL BE $22.50, PLEASE...
PAT! PAT!
HERE YA GO, AND KEEP THE CHANGE...
THANKS!
OH, AND BY THE WAY...
...NICE ASS!
WHOA!
PINCH!
BABS! I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU DID THAT!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
(SHEESH, THE POOR KID)...
SLAP!
FLICK!
WHAT DID YOU SAY?
N-NOTHING... LOOK, I, UH, BETTER HURRY AND CATCH UP WITH BUTCH...
HUH? I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WEREN'T GOING TO THE GAME!
I CHANGED MY MIND AGAIN...
DON'T WAIT UP FOR ME...
SEE YA!
?
SLAM!
HUH! I HOPE HE WASN'T DISAPPOINTED THAT WE ORDERED PIZZA...
FUCK HIM! IF HE WANTS GOURMET CUISINE LET HIM COOK IT HIMSELF...

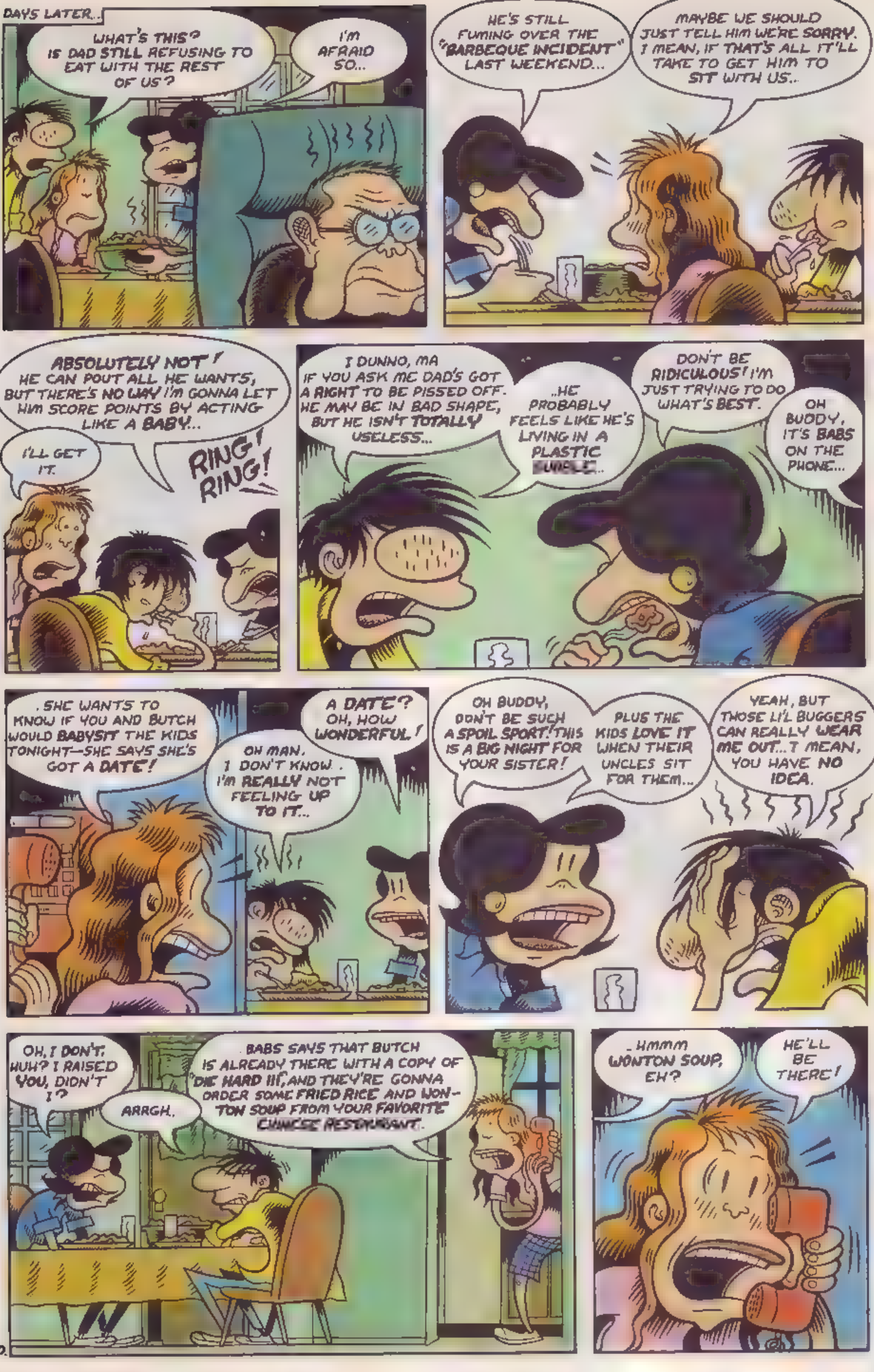

LATER THAT NIGHT...
KE-RYST! IT'S LATE!
HOPE LISA ISN'T STILL AWAKE...
...DRANK TOO MUCH, TOO...
...I MUST REEK OF BEER...
...LISA PROBABLY GOT DRUNK, TOO, THO' THAT WOULDN'T KEEP HER FROM LECTURING ME ABOUT IT...
NOW TO GET UNDRESSED WITHOUT WAKING HER UP...
ZZZZZ...
SO FAR SO GOOD...NOW TO SLIDE UNDER THE COVERS WITHOUT—
OUCH! MY TOE!
?!? BUDDY? IS THAT YOU?
BANG!
YEAH, SORRY I GOT HOME SO LATE...
NOW GO BACK TO SL—
SO HOW WAS THE GAME? WAS IT FUN?
RUB! RUB!
FEH...
MO VAUGHN HIT TWO HOME RUNS...
IS THAT GOOD?
IT WAS GOOD FOR MO VAUGHN...
...UH, LISA? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
TAKING YOUR UNDER-WEAR OFF. DO YOU MIND?
N-NO, NOT AT ALL, BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO—
BUT I WANT TO! NOW BE QUIET WHILE I...
...OHHHHHHH...
SLUMP!
SLORP!
THERE YA GO...
G'DNIGHT, SWEETIE!
G'NIGHT...
? ? ?
ZZZZZ...

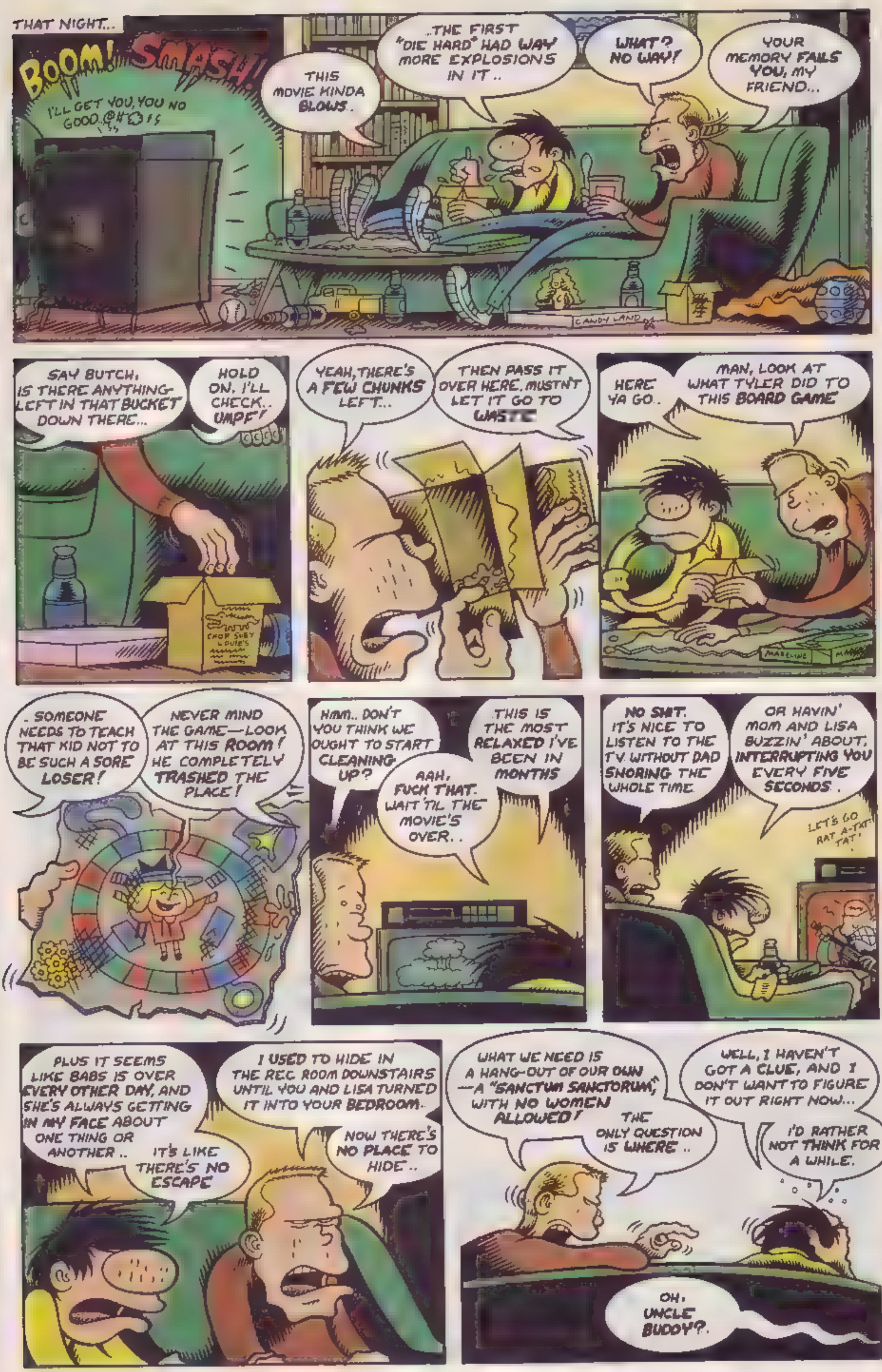


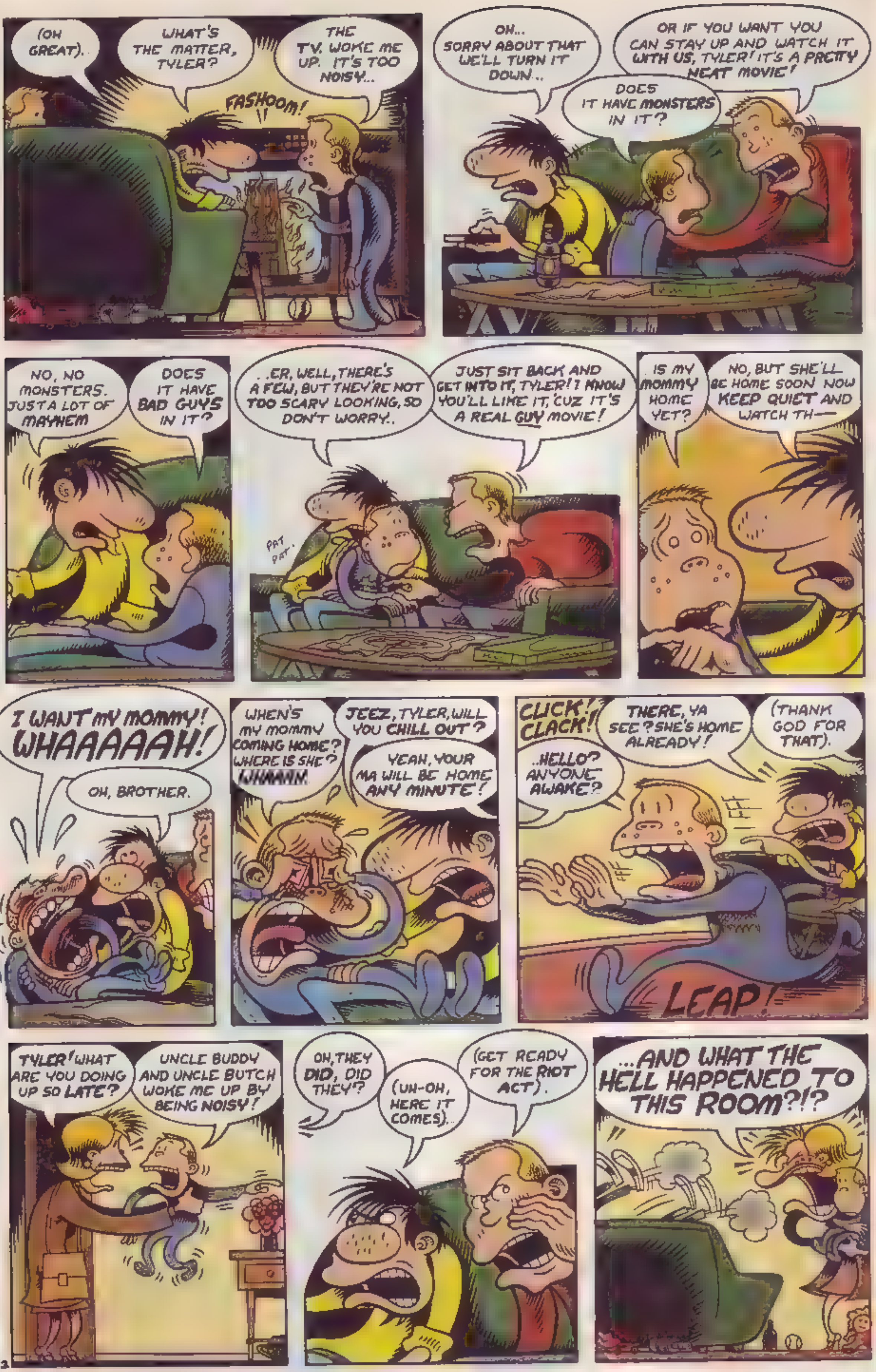
THAT WEEKEND...
...I'M GONNA PUT THE PLATES AND NAPKINS RIGHT NEXT TO YOU, MR. BRADLEY, SO DON'T FORGET...
MAKE SURE THE KIDS DON'T GET TOO CLOSE TO THE FIRE, DAD...
AREN'T THOSE COALS HOT ENOUGH YET, BRAD? IT SEEMS LIKE IT'S TAKING FOREVER...
GRRR... MUTTER... FUME...
COME AND
THESE HAMBURGER PATTIES ARE TOO LOOSE, I THINK... YA GOTTA PACK 'EM TIGHTER...
DAD! LOOK WHERE YOU'RE SPILLING THE LIGHTER FLUID! MY GOD...
HERE, BRAD, WHY DON'T YOU LET ME TAKE OVER...
HEY!
WHADAYA MEAN, "TAKE OVER"? AND LET GO OF MY SPATULA!
IT'S NOTHING PERSONAL, BRAD! IT'S JUST THAT WITH SO MANY PEOPLE HERE YOU SEEM A LITTLE BIT...OVERWHELMED, IS ALL...
"OVERWHELMED"? I'VE BEEN BARBEQUING FOR OVER THIRTY YEARS! SINCE WHEN HAS IT BEEN DECIDED THAT I CAN'T CUT IT ANYMORE?
DON'T GET SO DEFENSIVE! I WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP...
IF I NEED YOUR HELP I'LL ASK FOR IT! SO—
OH NO! LOOK!
—THE NAPKINS ARE ON FIRE!
QUICK, DOUSE IT WITH ALEXIS' SODA!
?!?
HEY!
...NO FAIR USING MY SODA!
THAT DOES IT, BRAD! GO SIT DOWN...
YEAH, SIT DOWN BEFORE YOU GET US ALL KILLED!
COME AND GET
NOW JUST ONE MINUTE! I DIDN'T— I MEAN I...
IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, DEAR. I JUST DON'T LIKE TO SEE YOU UNDER SO MUCH STRESS...
YEAH, GO SIT DOWN! YOU'RE MAKING ME A NERVOUS WRECK!
I THINK YOU SHOULD LISTEN TO HER, MR. BRADLEY...
—BUDDY! BUTCH! GET OVER HERE, QUICK! I NEED BACKUP!
?
!

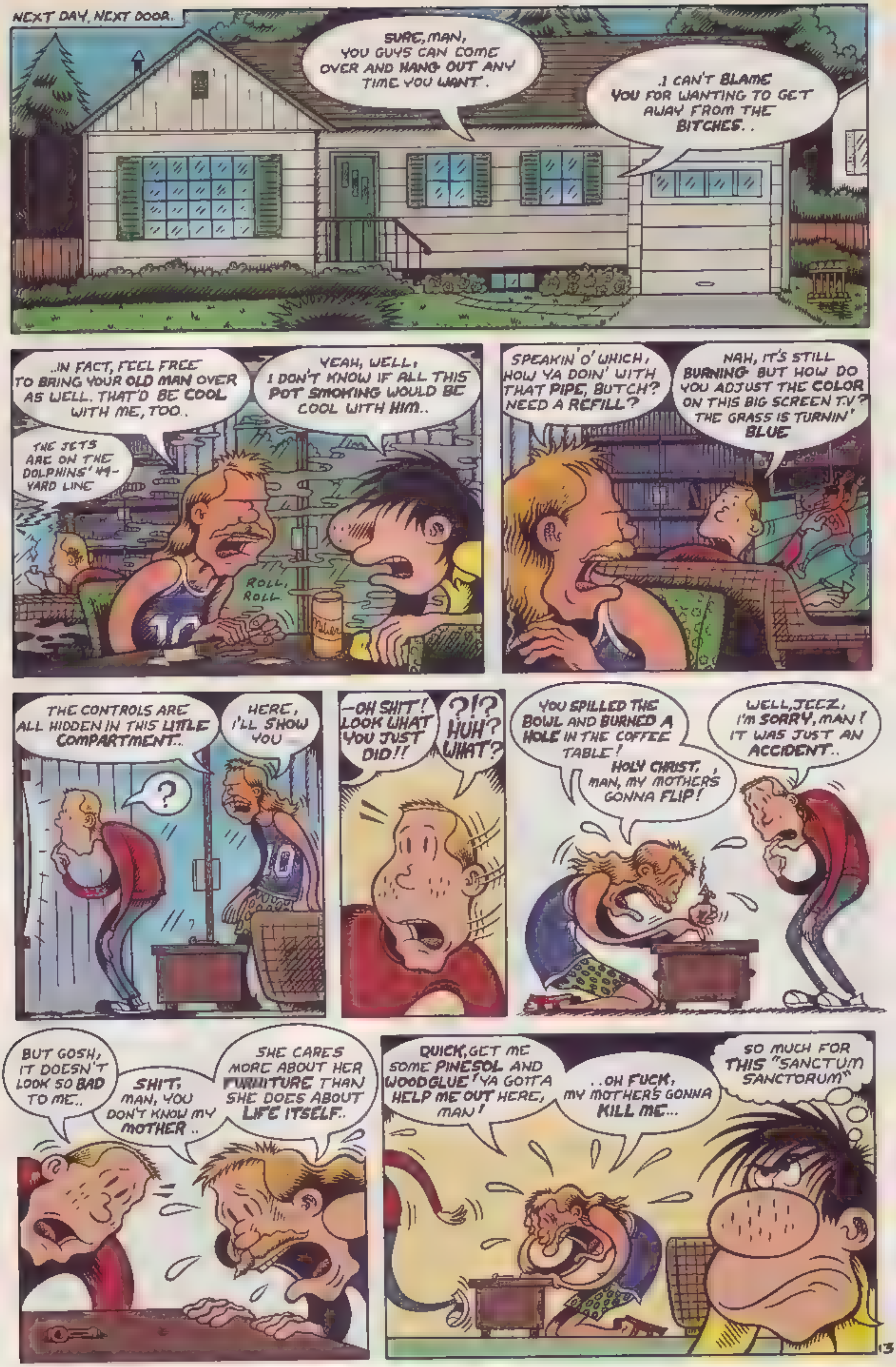

AND SO...
...THERE! THAT'S THE BOUNDARY LINE! AND NONE OF YOU WOMEN ARE ALLOWED TO CROSS IT!
I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M DOING THIS...
WHITE LATEX PAINT
...AND I'M GONNA HAVE MY TWO BOYS WATCH MY BACK IN CASE ANY OF YOU TRY A SNEAK ATTACK!
IS THAT CLEAR?
..THIS IS RIDICULOUS...
..NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING!
!
COME AND GET IT!
COOL!
?
I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING TREATED LIKE AN INVALID!
..I MAY NOT BE AS FIT AS A FIDDLE, BUT I SHOULD AT LEAST BE ABLE TO COOK A FEW BURGERS WITHOUT ALL OF YOU CLAWING AT ME AND GETTING ON MY CASE!
GROAN...
COME AND GET IT!
..YOU WOMENFOLK HAVE THE RUN OF THE HOUSE 99% OF THE TIME, SO I DON'T SEE WHY YOU CAN'T ALLOW ME A LITTLE TURF SO THAT I MAY EXERCISE WHAT'S LEFT OF MY SOVEREIGNTY...
LISTEN TO KING ARTHUR OVER HERE...
THIS IS SO CHILD-ISH...
I SMELL A DISASTER WAITING TO HAPPEN...
LATER...
DAD, THIS BURGER YOU MADE FOR ALEXIS IS BLOOD RED! I TOLD YOU SHE WANTS IT WELL DONE!
AND NONE OF THE BUNS ARE TOASTED LIKE WE ASKED!
AND TYLER WANTED TWO HOT DOGS ON A HAM-BURGER BUN!
YEAH, WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO, POISON ME?
BACK, LADIES, BACK! YOU'RE TRESPASSING IN THE VAGINA-FREE ZONE!
HEY, WHAT ABOUT ME? I DON'T HAVE NO STUPID VAGINA!
HMMM... WELL...

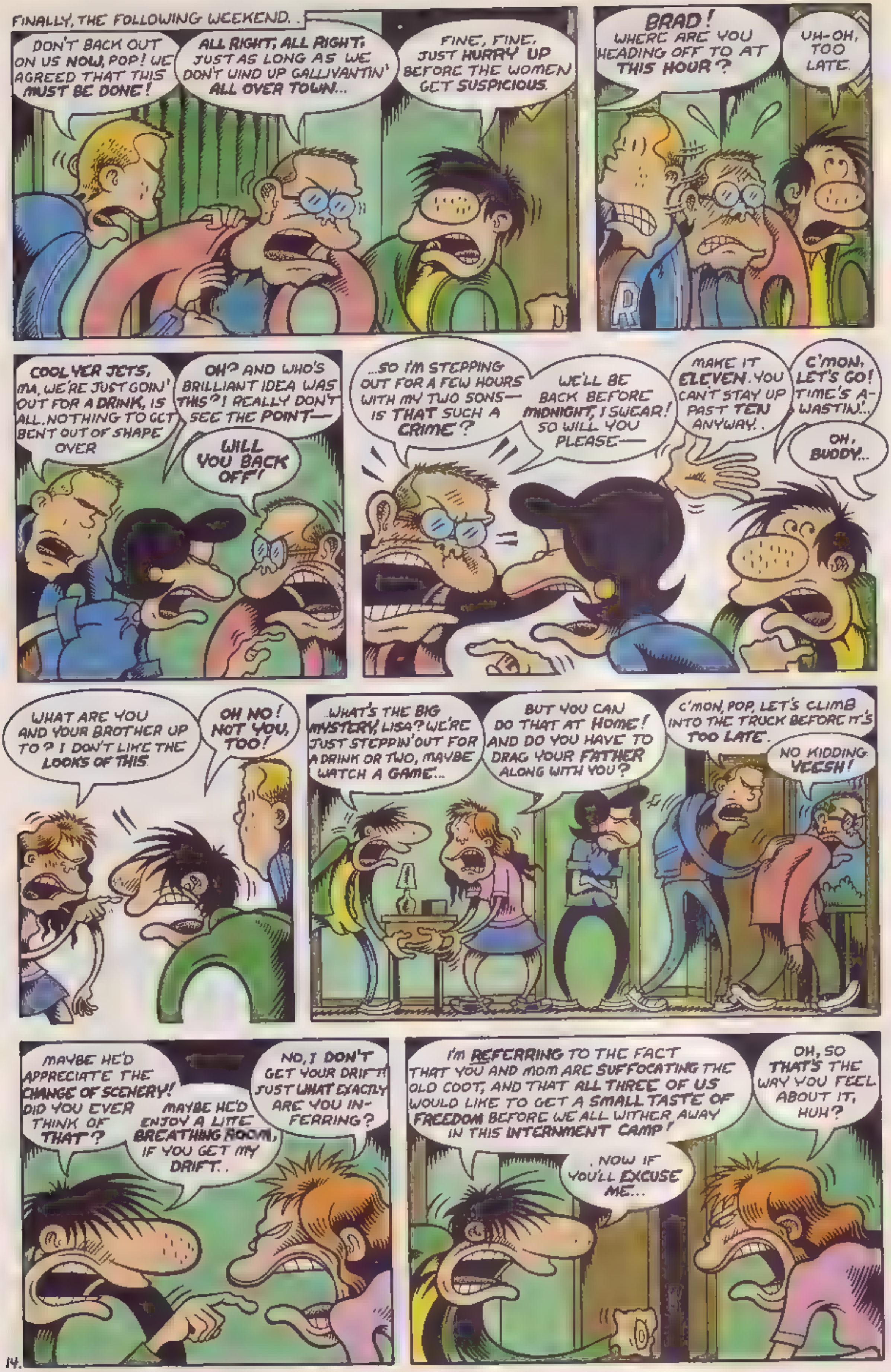

..OKAY, TYLER, YOU CAN STEP OVER THE LINE, BUT NO ONE ELSE...
HEY! NO FAIR!
OH BOY!
...HOW COME TYLER CAN CROSS THE LINE BUT I CAN'T?
'CUZ YOU'RE JUST A DUMB GIRL, THAT'S WHY!
TYLER, YOU COME BACK HERE THIS INSTANT! YOU'LL GET HURT HOVERING AROUND THAT GRILL!
DON'T LISTEN TO 'EM, TYLER! YOU'RE BETTER OFF WITH US THAN WITH THOSE NAGS...
RAZZ!
RAZZ!
DAD, LOOK OUT! WE'VE BEEN INFILTRATED!
WHAT? WHO? WHERE?
—WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!?
I'M JUST TOASTING A FEW BUNS...
GET OUT OF HERE! YOU KNOW THE RULES!
IF THERE'S ANY BUNS TO BE TOASTED THEN I'LL BE THE ONE TO DO IT!
NOW GO ON, GIT!
WELL, I NEVER!
HOW DID THAT HAPPEN? HOW DID SHE GET THROUGH WITHOUT NOTICE?
DON'T LOOK AT ME! SHE SLIPPED THROUGH ON BUDDY'S SIDE!
BUDDY! WHERE WERE YOU?
I WENT IN TO TAKE A LEAK. WHY?
WELL, IT JUST SO HAPPENS THAT WHILE YOU WERE A.W.O.L. OUR SECURITY HAD BEEN BREACHED! ARE YOU AWARE OF THAT FACT?!
NO, BUT... SO WHAT?
"SO WHAT"? ARE YOU THAT UNAWARE OF THE GRAVITY OF THIS SITUATION?
YEAH! HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO OUR JOBS WHEN YOU'RE ABANDONING YOUR POST?
YOU REALLY LET US DOWN, BUDDY...
GOOD GRIEF...


DAYS LATER...
WHAT'S THIS? IS DAD STILL REFUSING TO EAT WITH THE REST OF US?
I'M AFRAID SO...
HE'S STILL FUMING OVER THE "BARBEQUE INCIDENT" LAST WEEKEND...
MAYBE WE SHOULD JUST TELL HIM WE'RE SORRY. I MEAN, IF THAT'S ALL IT'LL TAKE TO GET HIM TO SIT WITH US..
ABSOLUTELY NOT! HE CAN POUT ALL HE WANTS, BUT THERE'S NO WAY I'M GONNA LET HIM SCORE POINTS BY ACTING LIKE A BABY...
I'LL GET IT.
RING! RING!
I DUNNO, MA IF YOU ASK ME DAD'S GOT A RIGHT TO BE PISSED OFF. HE MAY BE IN BAD SHAPE, BUT HE ISN'T TOTALLY USELESS...
..HE PROBABLY FEELS LIKE HE'S LIVING IN A PLASTIC [redacted]..
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS! I'M JUST TRYING TO DO WHAT'S BEST.
OH BUDDY, IT'S BABS ON THE PHONE...
..SHE WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU AND BUTCH WOULD BABYSIT THE KIDS TONIGHT—SHE SAYS SHE'S GOT A DATE!
A DATE? OH, HOW WONDERFUL!
OH MAN. I DON'T KNOW.. I'M REALLY NOT FEELING UP TO IT...
OH BUDDY, DON'T BE SUCH A SPOIL SPORT! THIS IS A BIG NIGHT FOR YOUR SISTER!
PLUS THE KIDS LOVE IT WHEN THEIR UNCLES SIT FOR THEM...
YEAH, BUT THOSE LI'L BUGGERS CAN REALLY WEAR ME OUT... I MEAN, YOU HAVE NO IDEA.
OH, I DON'T. HUH? I RAISED YOU, DIDN'T I?
ARRGH.
..BABS SAYS THAT BUTCH IS ALREADY THERE WITH A COPY OF "DIE HARD III", AND THEY'RE GONNA ORDER SOME FRIED RICE AND WON-TON SOUP FROM YOUR FAVORITE [redacted].
..HMMM WONTON SOUP, EH?
HE'LL BE THERE!

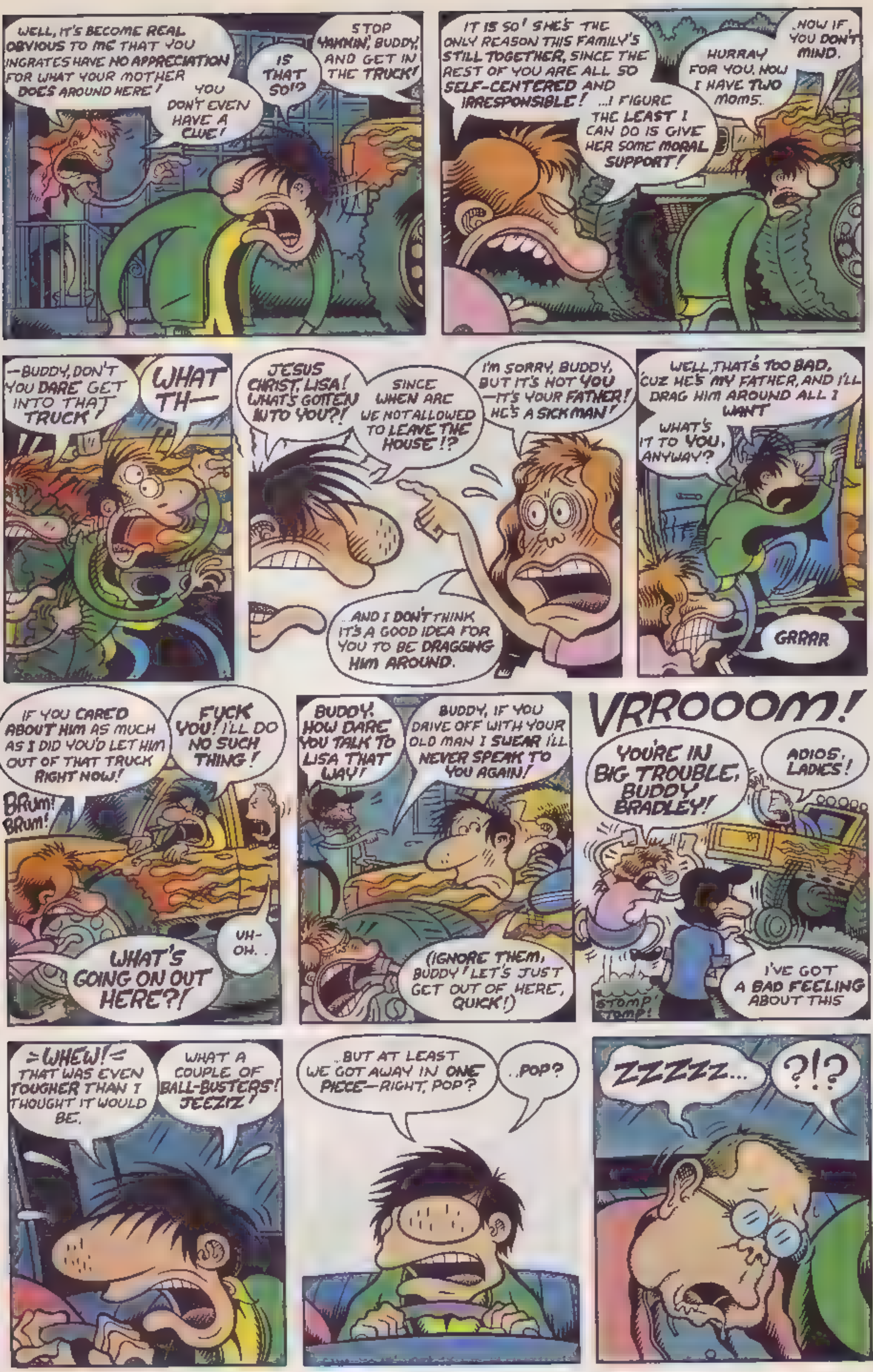

THAT NIGHT...
BOOM! SMASH!!
I'LL GET YOU, YOU NO GOOD @#✪!!
THIS MOVIE KINDA BLOWS..
..THE FIRST "DIE HARD" HAD WAY MORE EXPLOSIONS IN IT..
WHAT? NO WAY!
YOUR MEMORY FAILS YOU, MY FRIEND...
CANDY LAND
SAY BUTCH, IS THERE ANYTHING LEFT IN THAT BUCKET DOWN THERE...
HOLD ON, I'LL CHECK.. UMPF!
CHOP SUEY LOUIE'S
YEAH, THERE'S A FEW CHUNKS LEFT...
THEN PASS IT OVER HERE. MUSTN'T LET IT GO TO WAS
HERE YA GO..
MAN, LOOK AT WHAT TYLER DID TO THIS BOARD GAME
. SOMEONE NEEDS TO TEACH THAT KID NOT TO BE SUCH A SORE LOSER!
NEVER MIND THE GAME—LOOK AT THIS ROOM! HE COMPLETELY TRASHED THE PLACE!
HMM.. DON'T YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO START CLEANING UP?
THIS IS THE MOST RELAXED I'VE BEEN IN MONTHS
AAH, FUCK THAT. WAIT 'TIL THE MOVIE'S OVER..
NO SHIT. IT'S NICE TO LISTEN TO THE T.V. WITHOUT DAD SNORING THE WHOLE TIME.
OR HAVIN' MOM AND LISA BUZZIN' ABOUT, INTERRUPTING YOU EVERY FIVE SECONDS.
LET'S GO RAT-A-TAT-TAT!
PLUS IT SEEMS LIKE BABS IS OVER EVERY OTHER DAY, AND SHE'S ALWAYS GETTING IN MY FACE ABOUT ONE THING OR ANOTHER..
IT'S LIKE THERE'S NO ESCAPE
I USED TO HIDE IN THE REC ROOM DOWNSTAIRS UNTIL YOU AND LISA TURNED IT INTO YOUR BEDROOM..
NOW THERE'S NO PLACE TO HIDE..
WHAT WE NEED IS A HANG-OUT OF OUR OWN —A "SANCTUM SANCTORUM," WITH NO WOMEN ALLOWED!
THE ONLY QUESTION IS WHERE..
WELL, I HAVEN'T GOT A CLUE, AND I DON'T WANT TO FIGURE IT OUT RIGHT NOW...
I'D RATHER NOT THINK FOR A WHILE.
OH, UNCLE BUDDY?.

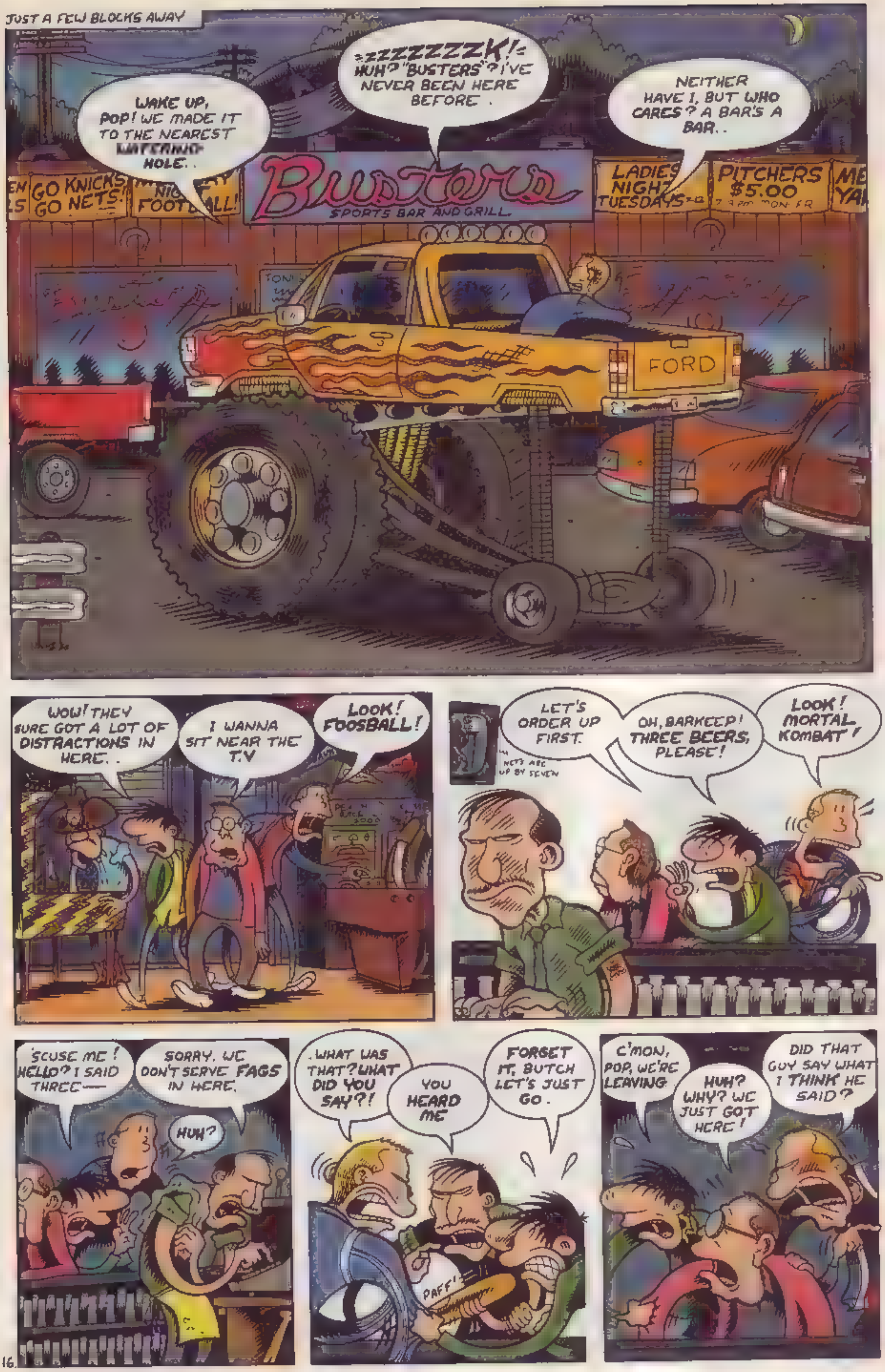

(OH GREAT).
WHAT'S THE MATTER, TYLER?
THE T.V. WOKE ME UP. IT'S TOO NOISY...
FASHOOM!
OH... SORRY ABOUT THAT WE'LL TURN IT DOWN...
OR IF YOU WANT YOU CAN STAY UP AND WATCH IT WITH US, TYLER! IT'S A PRETTY NEAT MOVIE!
DOES IT HAVE MONSTERS IN IT?
NO, NO MONSTERS. JUST A LOT OF MAYHEM
DOES IT HAVE BAD GUYS IN IT?
..ER, WELL, THERE'S A FEW, BUT THEY'RE NOT TOO SCARY LOOKING, SO DON'T WORRY..
JUST SIT BACK AND GET INTO IT, TYLER! I KNOW YOU'LL LIKE IT, 'CUZ IT'S A REAL GUY MOVIE!
PAT PAT.
..IS MY MOMMY HOME YET?
NO, BUT SHE'LL BE HOME SOON NOW KEEP QUIET AND WATCH TH—
I WANT MY MOMMY! WHAAAAAH!
OH, BROTHER.
WHEN'S MY MOMMY COMING HOME? WHERE IS SHE?
JEEZ, TYLER, WILL YOU CHILL OUT?
YEAH, YOUR MA WILL BE HOME ANY MINUTE!
CLICK! CLACK!
..HELLO? ANYONE AWAKE?
THERE, YA SEE? SHE'S HOME ALREADY!
(THANK GOD FOR THAT).
LEAP!
TYLER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP SO LATE?
UNCLE BUDDY AND UNCLE BUTCH WOKE ME UP BY BEING NOISY!
OH, THEY DID, DID THEY?
(UH-OH, HERE IT COMES)..
(GET READY FOR THE RIOT ACT).
...AND WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO THIS ROOM?!?


NEXT DAY, NEXT DOOR.
SURE, MAN, YOU GUYS CAN COME OVER AND HANG OUT ANY TIME YOU WANT.
..I CAN'T BLAME YOU FOR WANTING TO GET AWAY FROM THE BITCHES..
..IN FACT, FEEL FREE TO BRING YOUR OLD MAN OVER AS WELL. THAT'D BE COOL WITH ME, TOO..
THE JETS ARE ON THE DOLPHINS' 49-YARD LINE
YEAH, WELL, I DON'T KNOW IF ALL THIS POT SMOKING WOULD BE COOL WITH HIM..
ROLL, ROLL
SPEAKIN' O' WHICH, HOW YA DOIN' WITH THAT PIPE, BUTCH? NEED A REFILL?
NAH, IT'S STILL BURNING BUT HOW DO YOU ADJUST THE COLOR ON THIS BIG SCREEN T.V? THE GRASS IS TURNIN' BLUE
THE CONTROLS ARE ALL HIDDEN IN THIS LITTLE COMPARTMENT..
HERE, I'LL SHOW YOU
?
-OH SHIT! LOOK WHAT YOU JUST DID!!
?!? HUH? WHAT?
YOU SPILLED THE BOWL AND BURNED A HOLE IN THE COFFEE TABLE!
HOLY CHRIST, MAN, MY MOTHER'S GONNA FLIP!
WELL, JEEZ, I'M SORRY, MAN! IT WAS JUST AN ACCIDENT..
BUT GOSH, IT DOESN'T LOOK SO BAD TO ME..
SHIT, MAN, YOU DON'T KNOW MY MOTHER..
SHE CARES MORE ABOUT HER FURNITURE THAN SHE DOES ABOUT LIFE ITSELF..
QUICK, GET ME SOME PINESOL AND WOODGLUE! YA GOTTA HELP ME OUT HERE, MAN!
..OH FUCK, MY MOTHER'S GONNA KILL ME...
SO MUCH FOR THIS "SANCTUM SANCTORUM"

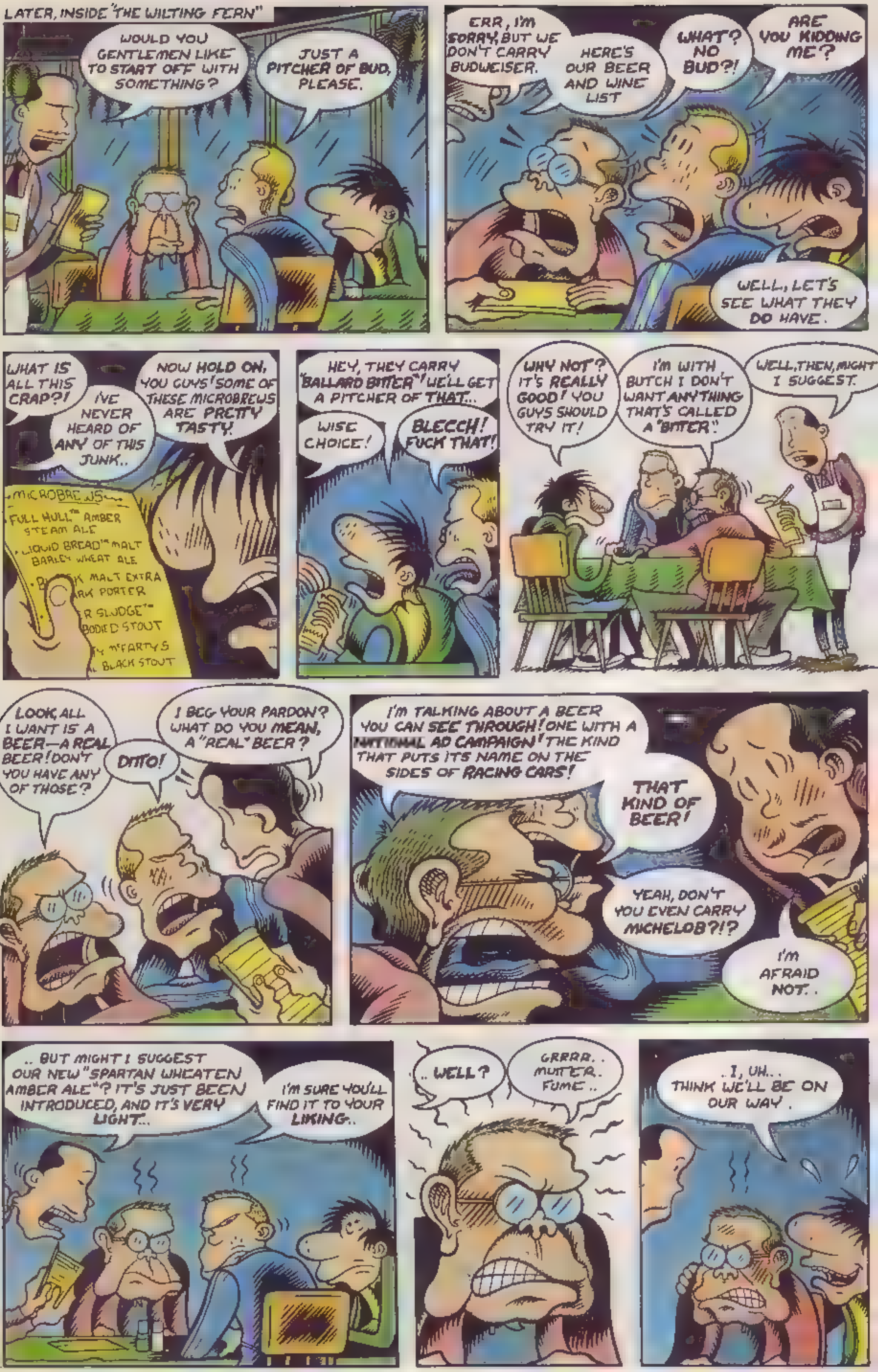


FINALLY, THE FOLLOWING WEEKEND. .
DON'T BACK OUT ON US NOW, POP! WE AGREED THAT THIS MUST BE DONE!
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT; JUST AS LONG AS WE DON'T WIND UP GALLIVANTIN' ALL OVER TOWN...
FINE, FINE, JUST HURRY UP BEFORE THE WOMEN GET SUSPICIOUS.
BRAD! WHERE ARE YOU HEADING OFF TO AT THIS HOUR?
UH-OH, TOO LATE.
COOL YER JETS, MA, WE'RE JUST GOIN' OUT FOR A DRINK, IS ALL. NOTHING TO GET BENT OUT OF SHAPE OVER
OH? AND WHO'S BRILLIANT IDEA WAS THIS? I REALLY DON'T SEE THE POINT—
WILL YOU BACK OFF!
...SO I'M STEPPING OUT FOR A FEW HOURS WITH MY TWO SONS— IS THAT SUCH A CRIME?
WE'LL BE BACK BEFORE MIDNIGHT, I SWEAR! SO WILL YOU PLEASE—
MAKE IT ELEVEN. YOU CAN'T STAY UP PAST TEN ANYWAY. .
C'MON, LET'S GO! TIME'S A-WASTIN'...
OH, BUDDY...
WHAT ARE YOU AND YOUR BROTHER UP TO? I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS.
OH NO! NOT YOU, TOO!
. WHAT'S THE BIG MYSTERY, LISA? WE'RE JUST STEPPIN' OUT FOR A DRINK OR TWO, MAYBE WATCH A GAME...
BUT YOU CAN DO THAT AT HOME! AND DO YOU HAVE TO DRAG YOUR FATHER ALONG WITH YOU?
C'MON, POP, LET'S CLIMB INTO THE TRUCK BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.
NO KIDDING. YEESH!
MAYBE HE'D APPRECIATE THE CHANGE OF SCENERY! DID YOU EVER THINK OF THAT?
MAYBE HE'D ENJOY A LITTLE BREATHING ROOM, IF YOU GET MY DRIFT. .
NO, I DON'T GET YOUR DRIFT!! JUST WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU IN-FERRING?
I'M REFERRING TO THE FACT THAT YOU AND MOM ARE SUFFOCATING THE OLD COOT, AND THAT ALL THREE OF US WOULD LIKE TO GET A SMALL TASTE OF FREEDOM BEFORE WE ALL WITHER AWAY IN THIS INTERNMENT CAMP!
. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...
OH, SO THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT, HUH?

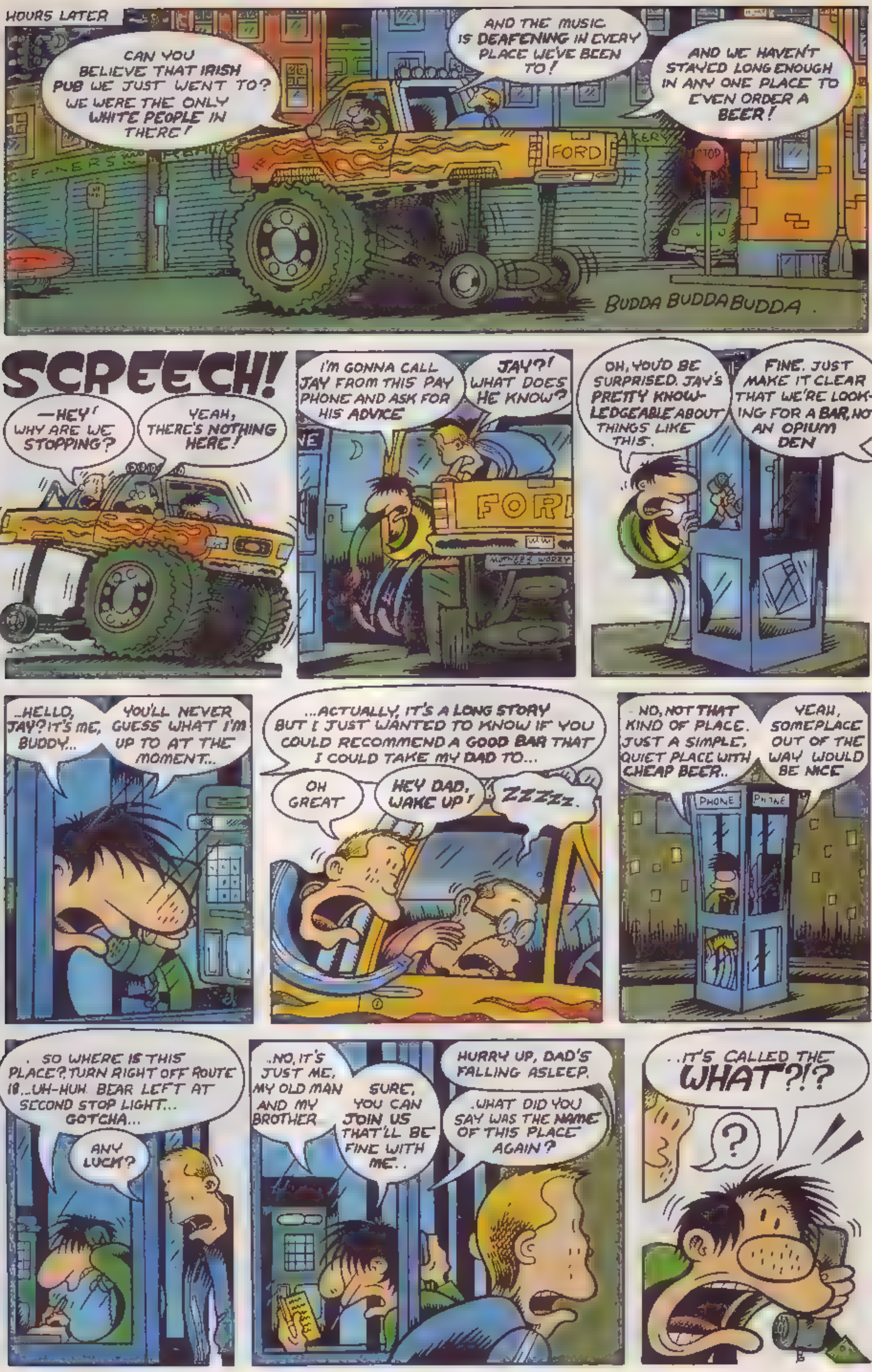

WELL, IT'S BECOME REAL OBVIOUS TO ME THAT YOU INGRATES HAVE NO APPRECIATION FOR WHAT YOUR MOTHER DOES AROUND HERE!
IS THAT SO!?
STOP YAKKIN', BUDDY, AND GET IN THE TRUCK!
YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE A CLUE!
IT IS SO! SHE'S THE ONLY REASON THIS FAMILY'S STILL TOGETHER, SINCE THE REST OF YOU ARE ALL SO SELF-CENTERED AND IRRESPONSIBLE!
...I FIGURE THE LEAST I CAN DO IS GIVE HER SOME MORAL SUPPORT!
HURRAY FOR YOU. NOW I HAVE TWO MOMS.
...NOW IF YOU DON'T MIND.
—BUDDY, DON'T YOU DARE GET INTO THAT TRUCK!
WHAT TH—
JESUS CHRIST, LISA! WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU?!
SINCE WHEN ARE WE NOT ALLOWED TO LEAVE THE HOUSE!?
I'M SORRY, BUDDY, BUT IT'S NOT YOU —IT'S YOUR FATHER! HE'S A SICK MAN!
...AND I DON'T THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA FOR YOU TO BE DRAGGING HIM AROUND.
WELL, THAT'S TOO BAD, 'CUZ HE'S MY FATHER, AND I'LL DRAG HIM AROUND ALL I WANT
WHAT'S IT TO YOU, ANYWAY?
GRRRR
IF YOU CARED ABOUT HIM AS MUCH AS I DID YOU'D LET HIM OUT OF THAT TRUCK RIGHT NOW!
FUCK YOU! I'LL DO NO SUCH THING!
BRUM! BRUM!
WHAT'S GOING ON OUT HERE?!
UH-OH..
BUDDY, HOW DARE YOU TALK TO LISA THAT WAY!
BUDDY, IF YOU DRIVE OFF WITH YOUR OLD MAN I SWEAR I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN!
(IGNORE THEM, BUDDY! LET'S JUST GET OUT OF HERE, QUICK!)
VRROOOM!
YOU'RE IN BIG TROUBLE, BUDDY BRADLEY!
ADIOS, LADIES!
STOMP! STOMP!
I'VE GOT A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS
=WHEW!= THAT WAS EVEN TOUGHER THAN I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE.
WHAT A COUPLE OF BALL-BUSTERS! JEEZIZ!
..BUT AT LEAST WE GOT AWAY IN ONE PIECE—RIGHT, POP?
..POP?
ZZZZZ...
?!?


JUST A FEW BLOCKS AWAY
WAKE UP, POP! WE MADE IT TO THE NEAREST WATERING HOLE..
ZZZZZZZZK!- HUH? "BUSTERS"? I'VE NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE.
NEITHER HAVE I, BUT WHO CARES? A BAR'S A BAR..
GO KNICKS GO NETS
FOOTBALL!
Busters
SPORTS BAR AND GRILL
LADIES NIGHT TUESDAYS
PITCHERS $5.00
FORD
WOW! THEY SURE GOT A LOT OF DISTRACTIONS IN HERE..
I WANNA SIT NEAR THE T.V
LOOK! FOOSBALL!
LET'S ORDER UP FIRST.
NETS ARE UP BY SEVEN
OH, BARKEEP! THREE BEERS, PLEASE!
LOOK! MORTAL KOMBAT!
'SCUSE ME! HELLO? I SAID THREE—
SORRY. WE DON'T SERVE FAGS IN HERE.
HUH?
WHAT WAS THAT? WHAT DID YOU SAY?!
YOU HEARD ME
FORGET IT, BUTCH LET'S JUST GO.
PAFF!
C'MON, POP, WE'RE LEAVING
HUH? WHY? WE JUST GOT HERE!
DID THAT GUY SAY WHAT I THINK HE SAID?

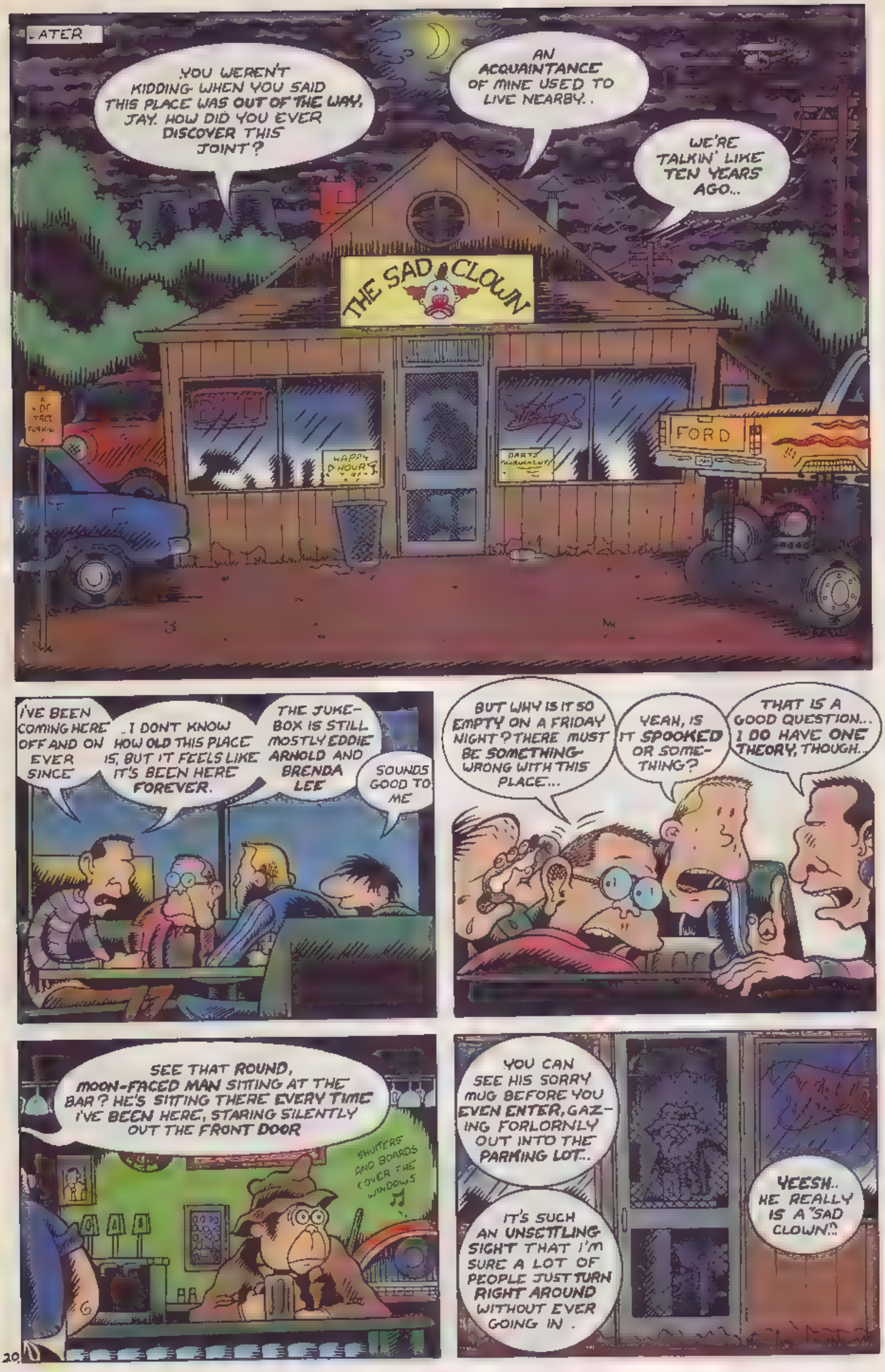
BUDDY, I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE LETTING HIM GET AWAY WITH THAT! I SAY WE GO BACK THERE AND KICK HIS ASS!
RIGHT, HIM AND EVERYONE ELSE IN THAT REDNECK JOINT..
I'M JUST GLAD WE DIDN'T SPEND ANY OF OUR HARD-EARNED MONEY IN THAT PLACE.
I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHY ARE WE—
FORD
TOYOTA
WHAT MADE HIM THINK WE WERE FAGGOTS TO BEGIN WITH? WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?
YA GOT ME
FAGGOTS? WHO'S A FAGGOT? WHERE?
OH, WAIT A MINUTE..
HEY BUDDY, GET A LOAD OF THIS..
HUH? GET A LOAD OF WHAT?
?
THIS! DAD'S SWEATER! IT'S PINK!
NO WONDER THEY THOUGHT WE WERE QUEER! WE WERE LUCKY WE GOT OUT OF THERE ALIVE!
GRAB!
NOW JUST A MINUTE—
YEAH, WHAT IS THE DEAL WITH THAT SWEATER ANYWAY, POPS? DID YOU PUT ON ONE OF MOM'S BY MISTAKE?
OF COURSE NOT! THIS IS MY GOLFING SWEATER! I'VE HAD IT FOR YEARS!
YEAH, WELL, YOU'D BETTER TAKE IT OFF RIGHT NOW, 'CUZ THERE'S NO WAY I'M GONNA BE SEEN WITH YOU—
I WILL NOT TAKE IT OFF!
IT'S PERFECTLY ACCEPTABLE THESE DAYS FOR A MAN MY AGE TO WEAR A SWEATER LIKE THIS.
YEAH, EVERYWHERE EXCEPT "BUSTER'S," APPARENTLY.
SIGH OH WELL GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO GO TO SOME GAY BAR NOW..
HEY, WHAT ABOUT THAT PLACE RIGHT ACROSS THE STREET?
THAT YUPPIE JOINT? IT LOOKS EXPENSIVE..
MAYBE SO, BUT AT LEAST THEY'RE PROBABLY WILLING TO SERVE A BUNCH OF FAGS LIKE US.
The Wilting Fern



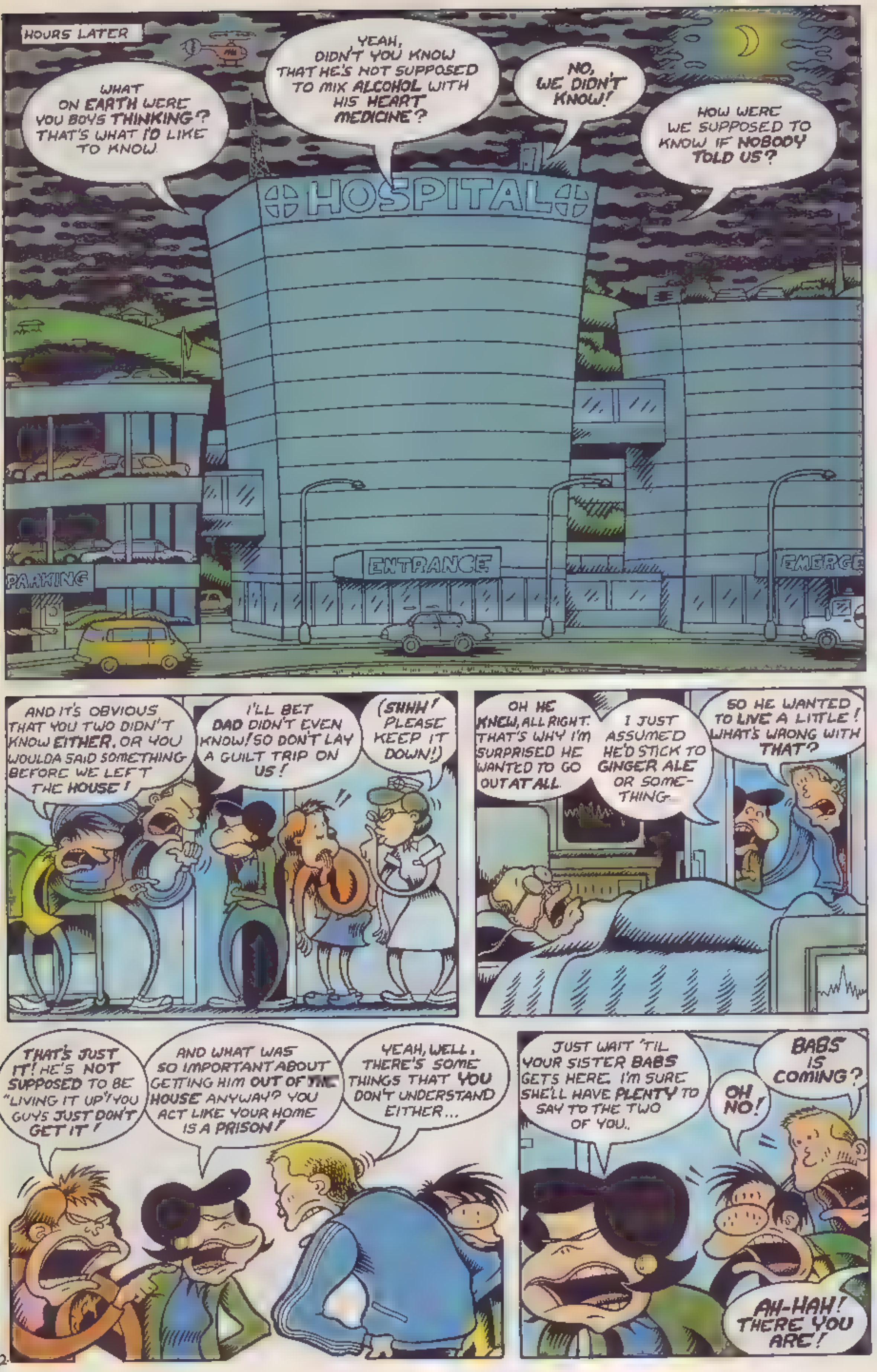
LATER, INSIDE "THE WILTING FERN"
WOULD YOU GENTLEMEN LIKE TO START OFF WITH SOMETHING?
JUST A PITCHER OF BUD, PLEASE.
ERR, I'M SORRY, BUT WE DON'T CARRY BUDWEISER.
HERE'S OUR BEER AND WINE LIST
WHAT? NO BUD?!
ARE YOU KIDDING ME?
WELL, LET'S SEE WHAT THEY DO HAVE.
WHAT IS ALL THIS CRAP?!
I'VE NEVER HEARD OF ANY OF THIS JUNK..
NOW HOLD ON, YOU GUYS! SOME OF THESE MICROBREWS ARE PRETTY TASTY.
MICROBREWS
FULL HULL™ AMBER STEAM ALE
LIQUID BREAD™ MALT BARLEY WHEAT ALE
K MALT EXTRA
ARK PORTER
R SLUDGE™
BODIED STOUT
MCFARTY'S
BLACK STOUT
HEY, THEY CARRY "BALLARD BITTER"! WE'LL GET A PITCHER OF THAT..
WISE CHOICE!
BLECCH! FUCK THAT!
WHY NOT? IT'S REALLY GOOD! YOU GUYS SHOULD TRY IT!
I'M WITH BUTCH I DON'T WANT ANYTHING THAT'S CALLED A "BITTER".
WELL, THEN, MIGHT I SUGGEST.
LOOK, ALL I WANT IS A BEER—A REAL BEER! DON'T YOU HAVE ANY OF THOSE?
DITTO!
I BEG YOUR PARDON? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, A "REAL" BEER?
I'M TALKING ABOUT A BEER YOU CAN SEE THROUGH! ONE WITH A NATIONAL AD CAMPAIGN! THE KIND THAT PUTS ITS NAME ON THE SIDES OF RACING CARS!
THAT KIND OF BEER!
YEAH, DON'T YOU EVEN CARRY MICHELOB?!?
I'M AFRAID NOT..
.. BUT MIGHT I SUGGEST OUR NEW "SPARTAN WHEATEN AMBER ALE"? IT'S JUST BEEN INTRODUCED, AND IT'S VERY LIGHT..
I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND IT TO YOUR LIKING..
.. WELL?
GRRRR.. MUTTER. FUME..
.. I, UH.. THINK WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY.

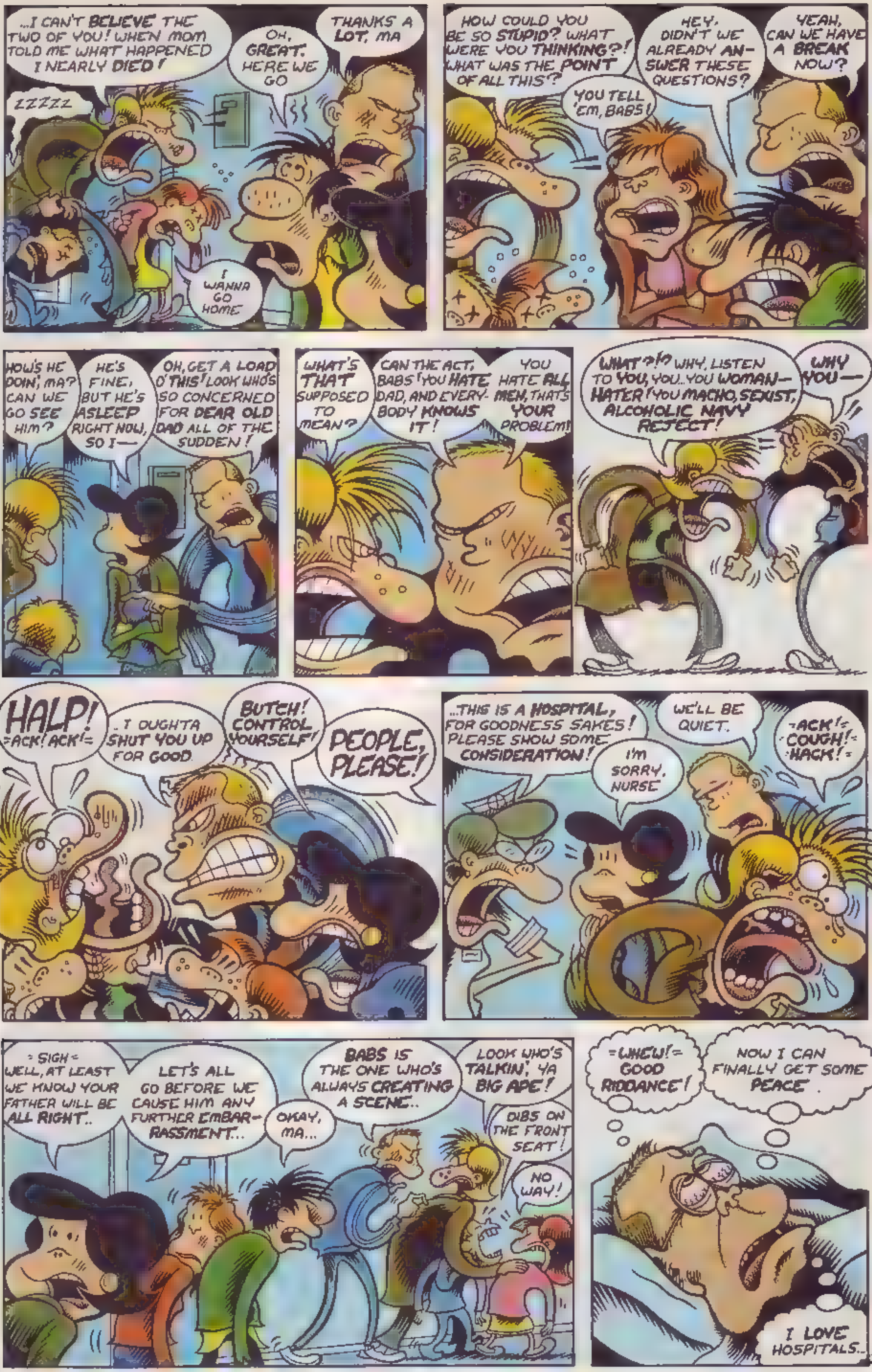


HOURS LATER
CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT IRISH PUB WE JUST WENT TO? WE WERE THE ONLY WHITE PEOPLE IN THERE!
AND THE MUSIC IS DEAFENING IN EVERY PLACE WE'VE BEEN TO!
AND WE HAVEN'T STAYED LONG ENOUGH IN ANY ONE PLACE TO EVEN ORDER A BEER!
FORD
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
SCREECH!
—HEY! WHY ARE WE STOPPING?
YEAH, THERE'S NOTHING HERE!
I'M GONNA CALL JAY FROM THIS PAY PHONE AND ASK FOR HIS ADVICE
JAY?! WHAT DOES HE KNOW?
OH, YOU'D BE SURPRISED. JAY'S PRETTY KNOWLEDGEABLE ABOUT THINGS LIKE THIS.
FINE. JUST MAKE IT CLEAR THAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR A BAR, NOT AN OPIUM DEN
..HELLO, JAY? IT'S ME, BUDDY...
YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT I'M UP TO AT THE MOMENT..
...ACTUALLY, IT'S A LONG STORY BUT I JUST WANTED TO KNOW IF YOU COULD RECOMMEND A GOOD BAR THAT I COULD TAKE MY DAD TO...
OH GREAT
HEY DAD, WAKE UP!
ZZZZZ.
..NO, NOT THAT KIND OF PLACE. JUST A SIMPLE, QUIET PLACE WITH CHEAP BEER..
YEAH, SOMEPLACE OUT OF THE WAY WOULD BE NICE
PHONE
PHONE
.. SO WHERE IS THIS PLACE? TURN RIGHT OFF ROUTE 18...UH-HUH. BEAR LEFT AT SECOND STOP LIGHT... GOTCHA...
ANY LUCK?
..NO, IT'S JUST ME, MY OLD MAN AND MY BROTHER
SURE, YOU CAN JOIN US THAT'LL BE FINE WITH ME..
HURRY UP, DAD'S FALLING ASLEEP.
.WHAT DID YOU SAY WAS THE NAME OF THIS PLACE AGAIN?
..IT'S CALLED THE WHAT?!?
?


LATER
YOU WEREN'T KIDDING WHEN YOU SAID THIS PLACE WAS OUT OF THE WAY, JAY. HOW DID YOU EVER DISCOVER THIS JOINT?
AN ACQUAINTANCE OF MINE USED TO LIVE NEARBY..
WE'RE TALKIN' LIKE TEN YEARS AGO...
THE SAD CLOWN
FORD
I'VE BEEN COMING HERE OFF AND ON EVER SINCE.
..I DON'T KNOW HOW OLD THIS PLACE IS, BUT IT FEELS LIKE IT'S BEEN HERE FOREVER.
THE JUKE-BOX IS STILL MOSTLY EDDIE ARNOLD AND BRENDA LEE
SOUNDS GOOD TO ME
BUT WHY IS IT SO EMPTY ON A FRIDAY NIGHT? THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH THIS PLACE...
YEAH, IS IT SPOOKED OR SOME-THING?
THAT IS A GOOD QUESTION... I DO HAVE ONE THEORY, THOUGH...
SEE THAT ROUND, MOON-FACED MAN SITTING AT THE BAR? HE'S SITTING THERE EVERY TIME I'VE BEEN HERE, STARING SILENTLY OUT THE FRONT DOOR
SHUTTERS AND BOARDS COVER THE WINDOWS
YOU CAN SEE HIS SORRY MUG BEFORE YOU EVEN ENTER, GAZ-ING FORLORNLY OUT INTO THE PARKING LOT..
IT'S SUCH AN UNSETTLING SIGHT THAT I'M SURE A LOT OF PEOPLE JUST TURN RIGHT AROUND WITHOUT EVER GOING IN.
YEESH.. HE REALLY IS A "SAD CLOWN."

SOUNDS LIKE HE'S BAD FOR BUSINESS I'M SURPRISED THEY DON'T THROW THE BUM OUT
YEAH, BUT WHO KNOWS? MAYBE HE OWNS THE PLACE
LET'S GO TALK TO HIM! MAYBE HE'LL BUY US A ROUND!
NAH I'D JUST AS SOON KEEP IT A MYSTERY.
(THOUGH TO BE HONEST, I THINK THE GUY IS RETARDED)..
NAH! JUST LIKE CRAZY GUGGENHEIM!
WHO?
WELL, I DON'T CARE WHAT HIS STORY IS I JUST HAPPEN TO LIKE EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS PLACE, INCLUDING THE FACT THAT THERE'S NO WOMEN HERE
HEAR! HEAR! NO BROADS!
..AND AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED THIS IS JUST THE KIND OF PLACE WE WERE LOOKING FOR—A HOME AWAY FROM HOME..
A "VAGINA-FREE ZONE"! HAW-HAW!
SO, WHADAYA SAY, POPS?
HUH? WHAT DO I SAY TO WHAT?
THIS PLACE! DO YOU LIKE IT OR WHAT? SHOULD WE CLAIM IT AS OUR NEW HANG-OUT?
JEEZIZ, I DUNNO. IT DOESN'T HAVE A T.V., AND I HAVEN'T CHECKED OUT THE BATH-ROOM YET
IT'S CLEAN, AND THE TOILETS ALL WORK TRUST ME.
=SIGH= ALL RIGHT, WHAT THE HELL
ALL RIGHT, DAD!
I PROPOSE A TOAST
..TO OUR NEW SANCTUM SANCTORUM!
CLINK!
HEAR! HEAR!
GLUG GLUG GLUG GLUG!
DAD! ARE YOU OKAY?
I TH-THINK YOU'D BETTER GET ME TO A DOCTOR
SHOOT HE GOT CHUNKS IN THE PITCHER...


HOURS LATER
WHAT ON EARTH WERE YOU BOYS THINKING? THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW.
YEAH, DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT HE'S NOT SUPPOSED TO MIX ALCOHOL WITH HIS HEART MEDICINE?
NO, WE DIDN'T KNOW!
HOW WERE WE SUPPOSED TO KNOW IF NOBODY TOLD US?
HOSPITAL
PARKING
ENTRANCE
EMERGE
AND IT'S OBVIOUS THAT YOU TWO DIDN'T KNOW EITHER, OR YOU WOULDA SAID SOMETHING BEFORE WE LEFT THE HOUSE!
I'LL BET DAD DIDN'T EVEN KNOW! SO DON'T LAY A GUILT TRIP ON US!
(SHHH! PLEASE KEEP IT DOWN!)
OH HE KNEW, ALL RIGHT. THAT'S WHY I'M SURPRISED HE WANTED TO GO OUT AT ALL.
I JUST ASSUMED HE'D STICK TO GINGER ALE OR SOME-THING.
SO HE WANTED TO LIVE A LITTLE! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?
THAT'S JUST IT! HE'S NOT SUPPOSED TO BE "LIVING IT UP"! YOU GUYS JUST DON'T GET IT!
AND WHAT WAS SO IMPORTANT ABOUT GETTING HIM OUT OF THE HOUSE ANYWAY? YOU ACT LIKE YOUR HOME IS A PRISON!
YEAH, WELL, THERE'S SOME THINGS THAT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND EITHER...
JUST WAIT 'TIL YOUR SISTER BABS GETS HERE. I'M SURE SHE'LL HAVE PLENTY TO SAY TO THE TWO OF YOU..
OH NO!
BABS IS COMING?
AH-HAH! THERE YOU ARE!

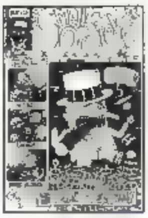

...I CAN'T BELIEVE THE TWO OF YOU! WHEN MOM TOLD ME WHAT HAPPENED I NEARLY DIED!
OH, GREAT. HERE WE GO
THANKS A LOT, MA
ZZZZZ
I WANNA GO HOME
HOW COULD YOU BE SO STUPID? WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?! WHAT WAS THE POINT OF ALL THIS?
YOU TELL 'EM, BABS!
HEY, DIDN'T WE ALREADY ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS?
YEAH, CAN WE HAVE A BREAK NOW?
HOW'S HE DOIN', MA? CAN WE GO SEE HIM?
HE'S FINE, BUT HE'S ASLEEP RIGHT NOW, SO I—
OH, GET A LOAD O' THIS! LOOK WHO'S SO CONCERNED FOR DEAR OLD DAD ALL OF THE SUDDEN!
WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
CAN THE ACT, BABS! YOU HATE DAD, AND EVERYBODY KNOWS IT!
YOU HATE ALL MEN, THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM!
WHAT?!? WHY, LISTEN TO YOU, YOU...YOU WOMAN-HATER! YOU MACHO, SEXIST, ALCOHOLIC NAVY REJECT!
WHY YOU—
HALP! =ACK! ACK!=
...I OUGHTA SHUT YOU UP FOR GOOD.
BUTCH! CONTROL YOURSELF!
PEOPLE, PLEASE!
...THIS IS A HOSPITAL, FOR GOODNESS SAKES! PLEASE SHOW SOME CONSIDERATION!
I'M SORRY, NURSE
WE'LL BE QUIET.
=ACK!= =COUGH!= =HACK!=
=SIGH= WELL, AT LEAST WE KNOW YOUR FATHER WILL BE ALL RIGHT..
LET'S ALL GO BEFORE WE CAUSE HIM ANY FURTHER EMBARRASSMENT...
OKAY, MA...
BABS IS THE ONE WHO'S ALWAYS CREATING A SCENE..
LOOK WHO'S TALKIN', YA BIG APE!
DIBS ON THE FRONT SEAT!
NO WAY!
=WHEW!= GOOD RIDDANCE!
NOW I CAN FINALLY GET SOME PEACE.
I LOVE HOSPITALS...

WEEKS LATER..
HERE'S YOUR DINNER, DEAR. I HOPE IT'S NOT TOO HOT.
WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO RE-ADJUST YOUR CHAIR, "DAD"?
NO THANKS, LISA I'M FINE
THE GIANTS ARE LOOKING PRETTY GOOD IN THE FIRST HALF.
JEEZ, LOOK AT THIS! IT'S PATHETIC!
HE DOES LOOK PRETTY HELPLESS, DOESN'T HE?
WE SHOULD KIDNAP HIM AND BRING HIM BACK TO THE "SAD CLOWN," ONLY THIS TIME WE'LL MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T TAKE HIS MEDICINE
OH, SURE, AND THIS TIME INSTEAD OF JUST THROWING UP HE'LL HAVE A MASSIVE HEART ATTACK.
OH, WHAT A HIT!
SO WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, THAT WE GIVE UP ON HIM?
WELL, YEAH! IT'S OBVIOUS THAT HE'D RATHER SIT HERE AND BE PAMPERED THAN STEP OUT INTO THE BIG BAD WORLD AGAIN
WELL THEN, HOW ABOUT JUST US GOIN' OUT?
WE NEVER WENT BACK TO THAT PLACE LIKE WE SAID WE WOULD.
I KNOW, BUT..
BUT WHAT?!? C'MON, LET'S BUG OUT OF THIS MATERNITY WARD RIGHT NOW! WHADAYA SAY?
I, UH.
OH, BUDDY..
SORRY TO INTERRUPT, BUT I HEATED UP YOUR FAVORITE T.V. DINNER FOR YA. LEMON CHICKEN WITH CORN, SPANISH RICE AND VANILLA PUDDING
OH BOY! YELLOW FOOD!
AND YOUR DAD'S GONNA WATCH "NAKED GUN 33⅓" ONCE THE GAME'S OVER, SO WHY DON'T YOU SIT RIGHT HERE AND MAKE YOURSELF COMFY?
MMMM... SOUNDS LIKE A PLAN.
?!?
I'LL GET YOU SOME LEMONADE— OR WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE A BEER?
LISA, WILL YOU TURN UP THE VOLUME ON THE T.V.? MY REMOTE MUST NEED NEW BATTERIES OR SOMETHING...
(PSST! HEY. BUDDY!)
HMM? OH YEAH, WHAT WERE WE TALKING ABOUT AGAIN? I FORGOT.
NOTHING. SKIP IT.
...THE POWER OF THE PUSSY STRIKES AGAIN!
END

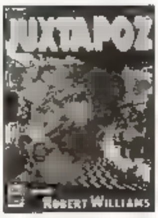
Crack out your scorecards, friends, since several changes have taken place here at TeamHate as of late: First off, after doing a near perfect job of coloring the first five issues of **Hate**, Mary Woodring has run off to join forces with some other scallywag of a cartoonist — namely her husband, Jim Woodring — as the two of them make their move on the Fortune 500 with his increasingly successful **Jimland Novelties Catalog** (see ad on the facing page). Meanwhile, able-bodied Fantagraphics color production person Rebecca Bowen has also decided to move on to the greener pastures, in this case Portland, Oregon, leaving yours truly, well, *colorless*. Enter Jeff Johnson, creater of **Nurture the Devil** and other such oddities, who foolishly volunteered to try his hand at both Mary and Rebecca's old jobs, while receiving some expert guidance from fellow budding-cartoon-genius/underpaid Fantagraphics-flunky Al Columbia, and as you can plainly see the results are most satisfactory. (And now is as good a time as any to remind all of you that not only Jeff's title but both issues of Al's own **Biologic Show** are still in print and available from Fantagraphics Books, as is **ZERO ZERO #4**, in which they both have contributions. And please keep in mind that the more money these fine young lads make off of their *own* work, the more likely they'll be able to free themselves from having to do crap like color Buddy Bradley's shirt 100% yellow in *panel after panel, page after page* for the rest of their miserable lives. So show some mercy by cracking out your credit card and dialing 1-800-657-1100 today, and may the Good Lord bless you for doing so.

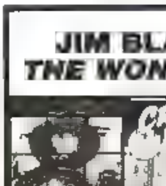
I'm sure that you all have also noticed that this issue's back-up story was conceived by someone other than myself, namely the one and only Rick Altergott (who also has a solo title, appropriately named **Doofus**, available from Fantagraphics — *GOD BLESS FANTAGRAPHICS!!!*), and who may or may not become a regular contributor to **Hate**, we shall see, we shall see...

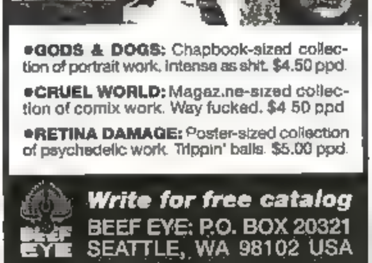
I am now about to do something that I have never done before, which is to plug a title published by that *evil empire* known as Marvel Comics. But this is a very easy exception to make, since the comic in question, appropriately entitled **Comic Book**, is the brainchild of insane genius John Kricfalusi and his Spumco cohorts (in this case Jim Smith, Richard Purcel, Shane Glines and the-one-and-only-Rick-Altergott.) This large format, 64-page comic appeals to my own aesthetics in every which-a-way imaginable, with loud, wacky, vibrant "art," and an unbelievably stupid story to go along with it. Well worth the $6.95 cover price, and a *must have item* for all John K fans... On the far opposite end of the publishing world spectrum is **Smell Of Steve #4**, a 16-page b&w comic published and created by Smell Of Steve inc. ($2.50 pp, Box 20427, Seattle, WA, 98102. Make checks payable to Brian Sendelbach). This thing made me laugh out loud, and it distresses me to think that this may actually be the fourth issue, since I never saw the first three *sob*...



Sugar Diet #3 is the latest collection of perverse, obsessive comics by perverted and obsessed Canadian cartoonist Rick Trembles ($3.00 US — I guess — to: Box 693, Tour De La Bourse, Mtl., Que., H4Z-1J9, Can.). For years Rick has been drawing and animating in this intense, convoluted drawing style, and his stories can be incredibly *sick and twisted!* So hopefully I've piqued your curiosity enough to write to this long-suffering artist and give his work a look... Another fellow who I feel deserves your time and attention at this point is Pete Stickman- Garner, whose self-published digest-sized mini entitled **Hey Mister** has been coming out at a pretty steady clip, and keeps improving with each ish. While I feel that Pete has not quite found his own voice yet, it's only a matter of time. Meanwhile, he's still producing an entertaining humor comic inspired, I presume, by his own '90s "slacker" lifestyle that I also presume a good chunk of you **Hate** readers would appreciate. ($1.00 to c/o Canterbury Booksellers, 315 W. Gorham, Madison, WI, 53703)... Out of the virtual MOUNTAIN of self published 'zines I've received lately, almost all of which feature reviews of weird books, bands and records and interviews with the weirdos responsible for them - the one that sticks out the most is **Stiff & Crusty**, which offers more of the "same old shit," to quote co-editor Brad Angell, only it's done better. It also features an article on how to earn cash by *beating off*, that could serve as valuable information for some of you. ($2.00, Box 4816, Seattle, WA, 98104)... Finally I'd like to make mention of a relatively new art magazine called **Juxtapoz**, which, for those of you who haven't seen it, covers much of the same turf as magazines such as *Art? Alternatives, Hypno, Access*, etc., namely unsanctioned "fine art" art with a more populist and rebellious bent to it, only this one more consistently features work that specifically appeals to underground/alternative comic fans such as myself. This is especially true with the winter '95 issue, which features art and/or interviews with the likes of Robert Crumb, Ralph Steadman, Bob Armstrong and **Hypno** magazine favorite Robert Williams. *Shazam!* While this is a slick newsstand type of mag, I wouldn't be surprised if you have trouble finding it at your local 7-11, so the simplest thing you could do right this instant is order it by mail or phone from *my own wonderful publishers*, those saints at Fantagraphics, whose catalog also lists their back issues, along with every other must-have item in the universe. *I just LOVE my publisher! Don't you?!?...* Oh, and one other newstand magazine I've long failed to mentioned is **FIZZ**, which not only is an all-around entertaining punkzine, but also regularly features reviews and interviews with your comicbook favorites (usually written and conducted by the the much beloved Jula Bell), plus the latest ish features a photograph of my *obscenely overweight cat*, something I'm sure you cannot live without! ($2.95 — *for 150 pages!* — to: 1509 Queen Anne Ave. #276, Seattle, WA 98109).







And now it's time to get down and dirty with the common folk, starting with one of my favorite letter writers, Mr. B.N. Duncan...

Dear Peter Bagge

...In *Hate* #20, my favorite panel, just as a drawing, is at the bottom of page 4, the attic scene with the father and his lover avoiding his children, where I get a sense of intimacy and coziness, an at-home feeling. *(What?! —PB)* ...In my life, I've kept out of family life, the job world, and a lot of social life as much as possible. *Hate* is one particular medium that seems to tell me that I've been right in avoiding a lot of this horrible society and what it can do to someone...

B.N.D.
Berkeley, CA

The one thing I never thought I'd see in *Hate* is Buddy Bradley babysitting. Have you been around some kids recently or what? *(Recently? Try CONSTANTLY! —PB)* I mean, you got the whole scene down. Buddy was a lot nicer to the little bastards than I would have been.The real feat of this issue was finding out just what it is that little girls are always giggling about. Tongue kissing. Figures. No wonder they don't read comics.

I must admit that my favorite part of *Hate* #20 was "Who Will Cut My Hair?" Sometimes it seems like all old guys do is look for a decent place to get a haircut. Old Man Bradley is rapidly becoming my favorite character in this book. Suggestion: A story about Pops back in the old days. I bet he was a cool dude back then...

Michael McClelland
Burbank, CA

The Pops Bradley story in *Hate* #20 looked like it was meant to be in colour but couldn't be done in time. You'll have to whip your serfs harder in the future...

David Gerard
Melbourne, Aust.

Serf-whipping is illegal in Washington State, David. —PB

It cracked me up to see what has become of Joel (of "Minimum Wage Love" fame). Clowes thinks I'll be the the only one who'll notice this detail, but I bet there's plenty of astute readers out there...

Also, the "hip-hop barber" sequence in the back-up story seemed strangely familiar to me, and then I remembered that you described that same scene to me right after it happened to *you!* (I was up there visiting). I guess you're keeping copious notes, eh "Pops"?

Adrian Tomine
Berkeley, CA

"Who Will Cut My Hair?" was originally going to star myself, since literally everything in that story had happened to me at one time or another. But then I remembered the promise I had made to myself to never do an "auto-bio" story ever again, due to the problems associated with taking such an approach. Besides, there was no way I was going to draw myself sporting a "backdoor flattop"! —PB

It's damn lucky a few intelligent people came to your defense in #20's letter col or I would be pleading with you to tell me who to kill. IF YOU DON'T LIKE **HATE** THEN *DON'T BUY IT*, YOU SHITFUCKS!! Now I imagine you'll be recieving an onslaught of complaints concerning the ads. I don't mind the ads, especially if they keep the price stable. Besides, they feature some interesting stuff, unlike other comics' ads.

This has been cathartic. Thank you.

Travis Cadman
St. Albert, Alberta

Sad are the times when I find myself buying this technicolor rag for the same reason I once bought Marvel garbage: just to have them all.

B. Lowney
Zuni Mts, NM

Something tells me the times have always been sad for Mr. B. Lowney. —PB

Your Hate Bulletin Board makes me feel uncool 'cuz I can't afford all that fine reading. The trouble is that the audience who wants and *needs* these comics — the very elite readership you and your publishers claim to desire and appreciate — are the very people who can't afford your books... Sadly, I don't think your comics will ever be affordable to anyone, other than 14-year-olds spending their parents' money, or frivolous yuppies who want to who want to score hipster points by "getting down" with the Gen-Xers...

... I do like the color, by the way. It makes it look like a cartoon movie...

Steven C. Pickard
Whitmore Lk, MI

You're not uncool, Steven, you're just flat broke!... Have you ever considered beating off for cash? —PB

I like how much *Hate* now resembles a sitcom, since I don't have a TV and miss them.

Brian Doherty
Los Angeles, CA

(Write to Peter Bagge c/o Fantagraphics: 7563 Lake City Way NE Seattle, Wa 98115.)

Jimland Novelties Catalog 2

FREE FROM
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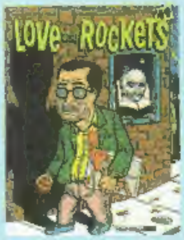
NOW YUH GET IT!

WELL, DOG MY CATS! LOOK WHAT'S A'COMIN' FROM FANNY-O'-GRAPHICS!



LOVE & ROCKETS #49: The wackiest issue of L & R *ever*, in which Jaime offers a gratuitous fight scene, and Gilbert blows his brains out! Gotta love it, gotta have it.

VILLA OF THE MYSTERIES: Greek mythology and enormous phalluses, presented in a way that only this affable Texan, Mack White, knows how. File under: "Why? *Why not!*"

THE BOOK OF MR. NATURAL: Thirty years' worth of psuedo-mystical hijinx, featuring R. Crumb's most beloved creation, all in one hefty-yet-reasonably-priced tome.

SAKE JOCK: Nobody's weirder (to us, anyway) than the Japanese, so this collection of work by their weirdest cartoonists oughta really throw you for a loop!

MINIMUM WAGE: Bob Fingerman's graphic novella can now be a regular part of your quarterly comic-purchasing diet. Misery loves company, so make yourself at home!

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DOOFUS
AND HIS PAL,
HENRY HOTCHKISS
IN FLOWERTOWN, U.S.A.
©1995
RICK ALTERGOTT
AN IDYLLIC AFTERNOON AT THE FLOWERTOWN JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT FINDS DOOFUS AND HIS PAL HENRY HOTCHKISS PARTAKING OF ONE OF THEIR FAVORITE DAILY RITUALS. LET'S JOIN THEM, SHALL WE?
SNNARRFFHH!
..AH YASS!
JAN
SNNARR-GASP!
CINDY
..HAVING A PROBLEM DOWN AT THE OL' FACTORY, HENRY HOTCHKISS?
EWWW! DOOFUS! THIS GIRL'S BIKE SEAT SMELLS LIKE A STAGNANT MARSHLAND AT LOW TIDE, MASKED BY THE ODOR OF SOME KIND OF CHEAP COLOGNE!
SO?..
HENRY HOTCHKISS IS SAVED... LITERALLY "BY THE BELL."
G-GOSH DOOFUS, I--
Ring! Ring!
NEVERMIND. IT'S THREE O'CLOCK WE'D BETTER PRESS ONWARDS!
I'M NOT LOOKING FOR ANY MORE TROUBLE FROM SMALL MINDED TYPES LIKE PRINCIPAL HICKORY! HIS KIND HAVE AN ENTRENCHED SET OF VALUES THAT SIMPLY DOESN'T JIBE WITH THAT OF FREE-THINKING IMAGINEERS* LIKE YOU AND I!
* A.K.A. CREEPS ed
-WHAT KIND OF YOUNG LADY WOULD..
..OHH!
YOU GUESSED! I BEAT YOU TO THAT ONE, HENRY HOTCHKISS!
BUT TELL ME. ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY I HAVE SHITTY BREATH?
LET'S PICK UP SOME SUDS AT THE LIQUOR STORE AND WEND OUR WAY HOMEWARDS- JUST IN TIME TO ENJOY FINAL JEOPARDY!

BUT CAN THE LIVES OF CARTOON CHARACTERS EVER BE THAT PEACEFUL, OR THAT SIMPLE?
LOOK DOOFUS! A MOB OF PEOPLE CROWDED AROUND YOUR FRONT YARD!
I SEE THEM, HENRY HOTCHKISS!
BUT DOOFUS.. IT'S MARCIA CHRISTMASTREEFARM - YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD BLOCK CAPTAIN - WITH A GROUP OF HER AGITATORS!
I'LL HANDLE THIS MATTER, HENRY HOTCHKISS - STAND ASIDE!
MY FRIENDS! SUCH A PLEASANT SURPRISE! AND SUCH A BEAUTIFUL DAY TO GREET CALLERS--
FUCK YOU!
WE'RE HERE TO SERVE YOU WITH THIS PETITION OF 100 NAMES DEMANDING THE INSTANT REMOVAL OF THIS-- THIS UNSIGHTLY BLEMISH TO OUR NEIGHBORHOOD!! YOU'VE IGNORED OUR PREVIOUS REQUESTS, SO-
-LADY, IT'S JUST A PILE OF OLD TIRES.
"JUST A PILE OF TIRES"! SO THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, IS IT?
WATCH THIS!!
?!
KICK!
SPLOOSH!
SEE!! MOSQUITOES!
BOOOMMMMMMM
IN ADDITION TO BEING AN EYESORE.. THE TRAPPED RAINWATER IN YOUR "PILE OF OLD TIRES" SERVES AS A HATCHERY TO THOUSANDS OF FILTHY DISEASE CARRYING MOSQUITOES! WE SIMPLY WILL NOT TOLERATE THIS ANY LONGER!
STOP THE CONTAGION DOOFUS
DO ALL OF US IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD A FAVOR...
BOOO HISSS!
GET YOUR SHIT TOGETHER!!

GOLLY! I'VE NEVER SEEN DOOFUS LOOK SO.. DISPIRITED! I HOPE I CAN PERK HIM UP AGAIN.
DOOFUS! DON'T BLAME YOURSELF! YOU DIDN'T KNOW-
NO, HENRY HOTCHKISS, I DIDN'T KNOW. BUT THERE'S NO EXCUSE IN IGNORANCE!
MARCIA CHRISTMASTREEFARM'S TONGUE LASHING CUT ME TO THE QUICK! I'VE BEEN SHAMED AND HUMBLED BY HER STINGING WORDS!
I SUPPOSE I HAVE SLACKED OFF AS REGARDS MY CIVIC DUTIES TO THIS NEIGHBORHOOD. THE PILE OF TIRES IS SYMBOLIC OF THAT. BUT WORSE YET, I'M AFRAID THAT THE PEOPLE HAVE LOST THEIR CONFIDENCE IN ME AS A MEMBER OF THEIR COMMUNITY.
GOSH, DOOFUS! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO!?
DO!? I INTEND TO TAKE PROMPT AND DECISIVE ACTION TO RESTORE MY NEIGHBORS' LOST FAITH IN ME!
WAIT HERE, HENRY HOTCH-KISS! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
GAS
DUK DUK DUK
FWOOSH!
THERE! THAT OUGHT T' DO IT!!
SOON..
PROCEED TO 17 FLOWERPOT LANE! REPORT OF A TRASH FIRE BURNING OUT OF CONTROL IN THE RESIDENT'S FRONT LAWN! COPY!
WE'RE ON OUR WAY!
CLANG! CLANG!
AAARROOOOOO
AND..
SSSSSSSSSSSS
ARE YOU THE OWNER OF THIS PROPERTY, CITIZEN!?
YESSIR! I AM. WHY?
BECAUSE PRIVATE BURNING OF TRASH IS A VIOLATION OF THE FLOWERTOWN FIRE CODE. SECTION 7 STATUTE 3A.
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO ISSUE YOU THIS CITATION AS A LAWBREAKER! ALONG WITH THE FOLLOWING ATTACHED PENALTIES. # 1. ILLEGAL...
YOU CAN'T WIN!
end